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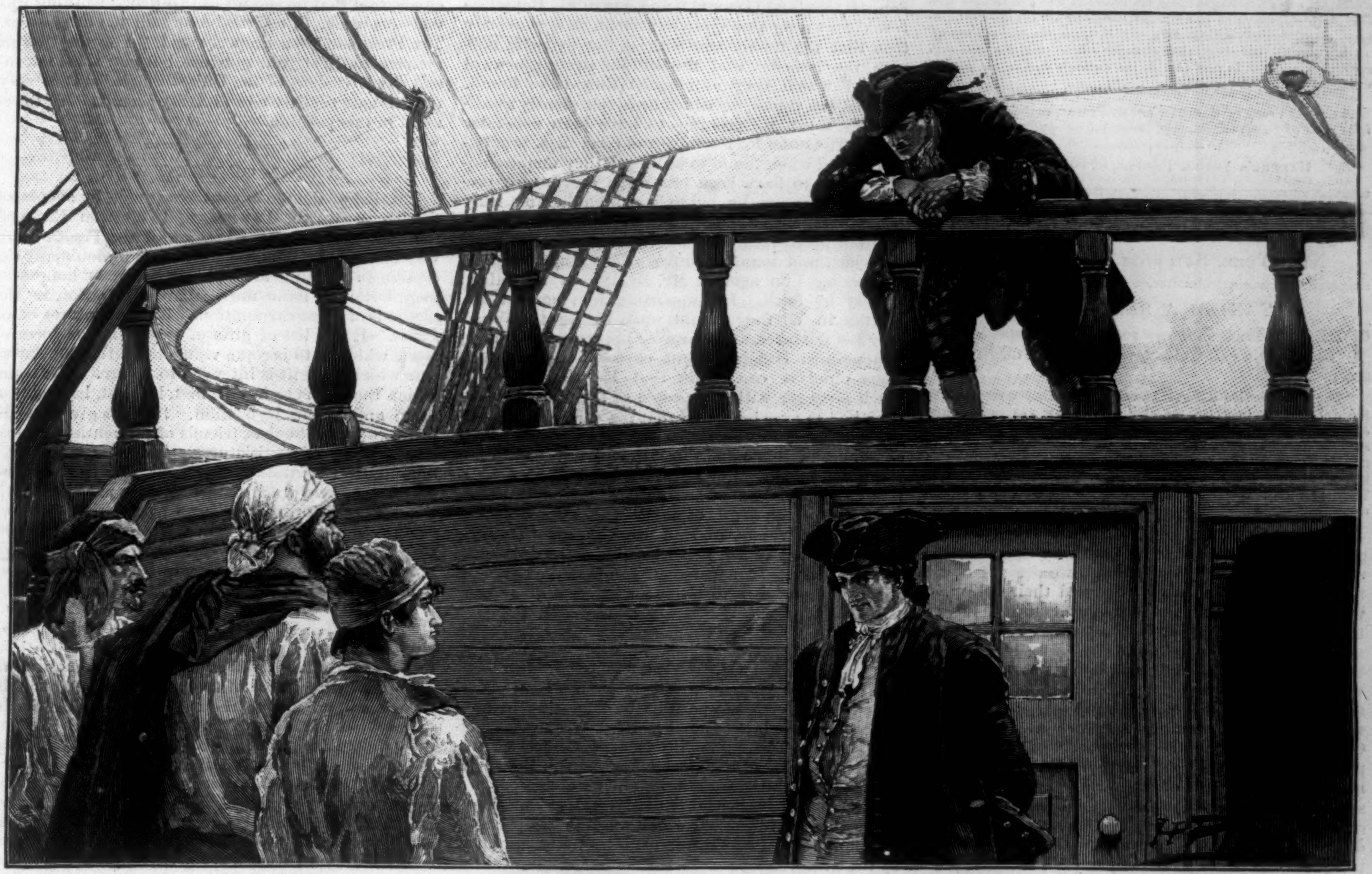

"THE THREE FELLOWS WERE BROUGHT AFT TO THE QUARTER-DECK, WHERE CAPTAIN CROKER STOOD, JUST BELOW THE RAIL OF THE DECK ABOVE."

THE ROSE OF PARADISE,*

Being a detailed account of certain adventures that happened to Captain John Mackra, in connection with the famous pirate Edward England, in the year 1720, off the Island of Jehanna, in the Mozambique Channel; writ by himself, and now for the first time published.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

XIII.—(*Continued.*)

DURING the first part of that voyage, before I had contrived to leave the *Lavinia*, of which I shall hereafter tell, my mind was constantly and continually filled with my troubles, so that they were the first thing which I remembered in the morning, and the last thing which I forgot before I fell asleep. But that which puzzled me more than anything else was to account for the mysterious manner in which the Rose of Paradise had been spirited away from the iron despatch-box, and what had become of it after it had passed from Mr. White's possession. Of this I thought and pondered until my brain grew weary.

One night, we being at that time becalmed off the Gulf of Arabia, I sat upon the poop-deck looking out over the water and into the sky, dusted all over with an infinite quantity of stars, and with my mind still moving upon the same old track which it had so often travelled before. I know not whether it was the refreshing silence which reigned all about me, but of a sudden it seemed as though the uncertainties which had beset my mind were removed, and the whole matter stood before me with a most marvellous clearness. Then I knew, as plain as though it had been revealed to me, that the only man in the world who either had the Rose of Paradise in his possession, or knew where it was hidden, was Captain Edward England.

I do not think that I came to this conclusion through any line of reasoning, but rather with a sudden leap of thought; but as soon as I had fairly grasped it I marvelled at the dulness of my understanding which should have prevented my perceiving it before; for every single circumstance that had happened pointed but in one direction, and that was toward the end which I had but just reached.

It was as plain as the light of day that when Captain Leach went aboard of the pirate craft on the night of the 21st of July, Captain England would require him to explain his object in betraying the *Cassandra* into their hands; and it was equally plain that Leach would have to tell the truth; for it was not likely that he could deceive such a sharp and cunning blade as that famous freebooter. I recalled the strange look which Captain England had given me when he told me that Captain Leach had been "shot by accident" upon their coming aboard the *Cassandra;* whereupon, regarding matters from my present stand-point, I felt assured that England had killed Leach with his own hand, so that with him the secret of the stone might perish from amongst them. I also felt convinced that he must, with great care and circumspection, have picked the lock of the despatch-box and have despoiled it of its contents, which he had kept for himself without informing any of his shipmates of what he had found.

I could not at first account for the treatment that I had met with at the pirates' hands, nor why I had not been shot so soon as I had stepped upon their decks, for it was plain to see that that would be the easiest and quickest way for Captain England to rid himself of me; yet it was very apparent to me that he desired that my life should be saved, and was even inclined to show me some kindness after his own fashion; and I do verily believe that that wicked and bloody man entertained a sincere regard for my person, and had it in his mind to do me a good turn; for even the very worst of men have some seed of kindness in them, otherwise they could not be of our human brotherhood, but wild beasts, thinking only of rending and tearing one another.

But I could easily perceive that so soon as England felt assured of my coming aboard of his craft, he would strive to mislead me into thinking that he knew nothing of the stone, lest by some inadvertent word I should betray a knowledge of it to the others, and he would have to share his spoil with them. Therefore he would carefully lock the box again and would toss it in the corner to lead me to think he knew nothing of the contents.

All this train of reasoning I followed out in my mind, and when I recalled the quizzical, cunning look which the rogue had given me when I asked for the despatch-box, I felt certainly assured that I was right.

I remember that when I had clearly cogitated all this out in my own mind I felt as though one step had been gained toward the recovery of the stone, and for an instant it seemed as though a great part of the weight of despondency had been lifted from my breast. But the next moment it settled upon me again when I brought to mind that I was as far as ever from regaining the jewel; for I knew not where the pirates then were, and even if I did know, and was venturesome enough to face their captain a second time, it was not likely that he would be so complacent as to give back such a great treasure for the mere asking.

Nor do I think it likely that I would ever have gained anything by this knowledge which had come to me (unless I might have used it to help my case with the East India Company) had not Providence seen fit to send me help in a most strange and unexpected manner. And thus it was:

One morning when I came upon deck I saw several of the passengers, together with the captain and the first mate, standing at the lee side of the ship and looking out forward, Captain Croker with a glass to his eye. Upon inquiring they told me that the lookout had some little time before sighted a small, open boat, which had been signalling the ship with what they were now able to make out was a shirt tied to the blade of an oar. We ran down to the boat, which we reached in twenty or thirty minutes, and then hove to, and it came alongside.

There were three men in her, who seemed to be in a mightily good condition for castaways in an open boat.

I stood looking down into it along with other of the passengers, watching the men as they took in their oars and laid them along the thwarts. Just then one of the fellows raised his face and looked up. And when I saw him I could not forbear a sudden exclamation of amazement. I remember one of my fellow-passengers, a Mr. Wilson, who stood next to me, asked me what was the matter. I made some excuse or other that was of little consequence, but the truth was that I recognized the fellow as that very pirate who had first kicked me in the loins when I lay bound upon the deck of the *Cassandra*, and whom Captain England had knocked down with the iron belaying-pin.

However, the fellow did not recognize me, for I was a very different object now than when he had seen me lying upon the pirate deck, pinched with my sickness, barefoot and half naked, and my cheeks and chin covered over with a week's growth of beard.

The three fellows presently came aboard, and were brought aft

[*Continued on page* 522.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1887.

TAKING A RECKONING.

THE New York *Tribune* recently said, speaking of the Republican Collectors MERRITT and ROBERTSON:

> "The Civil Service Reform Association highly commended the faithful manner in which the civil service law was carried into effect, and held up its administration in the Custom-house as a shining example to be followed in all public offices. But to gratify personal spite many of the members of the Association helped to turn out the party which had done the good work. They preferred Democratic promises to Republican performances."

Collectors MERRITT and ROBERTSON were excellent gentlemen and officers who faithfully executed the reform law, but beyond its range we are not aware that the spirit of the law governed their action, or that they claimed to take any other course than that of the usual political collectors. They bore willing testimony to the good results of the reformed system within its limits. But probably neither of them would allege that he banished politics from the Custom-house. In the general understanding of the word they were certainly no more reformers than Collector MAGONE; and contemptuous of sound principles as the proceedings of Surveyor BEATTIE may be, he is quite as much of a reformer in any genuine sense as Surveyor GRAHAM, who did not affect interest in reform. That a public officer is a Republican does not make him a reformer, and the Republican party as such is not a reform party. The worst practical blow ever dealt at the reformed system is the soldier and sailor exemption bill passed by an overwhelming Republican majority in the Massachusetts Legislature, and approved by a Republican Governor. Neither of the two prominent Republican candidates for the Presidential nomination next year, Mr. SHERMAN and Mr. BLAINE, is in any sense whatever a civil service reformer, nor would any sane man expect from the administration of either of them greater regard for reform than the administration of Mr. CLEVELAND has shown.

The memory of the *Tribune* is at fault in speaking of the opposition of some reformers to Mr. BLAINE as due to personal spite, for of course nothing could persuade it intentionally to misrepresent the Mugwump movement of '84. The great body of reformers could have had no personal feeling toward Mr. BLAINE, except that which was produced by his own conduct and the futile explanations of it by his friends. Such reformers opposed him not from spite, nor because they believed the Democratic party to be a party of reform, but because Mr. BLAINE by his own conduct as established by his own letters had shown himself to be unfit for the office that he sought. They voted for Mr. CLEVELAND not because he was the Democratic candidate, but because they trusted him personally and believed in the sincerity of his sympathy with reform, and because by voting for him they could make effective their wish to protect the country from the misfortune of Mr. BLAINE's election. There was a resort to various falsehoods to break the force of the real reason of Mugwump opposition. It was called, among other things, a free-trade bolt. But this was a ridiculous assertion, because the Mugwump preference among candidates for the nomination was Mr. EDMUNDS, who is a strong protectionist, while some of the firmest and most prominent Mugwumps were also protectionists, and as a body they would have voted for any clean-handed Republican. There were other reasons of opposition to Mr. BLAINE, but the chief reason, as the *Tribune* knows, was the conviction that he had abused his public trusts. Except for that conviction there would have been no organized Independent support of the Democratic candidate. "Personal spite" was no more an element of the opposition than sectarian jealousy. It was a movement largely of honorable and intelligent young men who do not despair of the practicability of honesty in politics and in public life, and of old antislavery Republicans, and their numbers will be very much larger in '88 than they were in '84.

The Mugwump confidence in Mr. CLEVELAND has been generally vindicated. He was a Democrat, and he announced frankly that his administration would be Democratic. He has taken Democratic counsel, and in the treatment of the civil service he has unquestionably disappointed the expectations of the best friends of reform. The pressure and traditions of his party have been too strong for him, as they were too strong for General GRANT and Presidents HAYES and GARFIELD and ARTHUR. But while frankly owning this disappointment, it is generally true that the manly uprightness, the patriotic purpose, the honesty, and the simple straightforward method which they anticipated they have found. The pension vetoes, for which he is vehemently assailed, they think, we presume, to have been generally wise. The order for the return of rebel flags, promptly revoked when found to be illegal, they unquestionably think to have been unwise in outrunning present public sympathy, but to have been due to a truly patriotic impulse. The refusal to expose his office to partisan insult they undoubtedly approve as a dignified, just, and manly rebuke. The Mugwumps in supporting him against Mr. BLAINE in '84 walked largely by faith. In supporting him against Mr. BLAINE in '88 they would walk by sight. Whatever his mistakes, and however his course may have disappointed certain ardent expectations, no sagacious observer can doubt that Mr. CLEVELAND is much stronger with the people of the United States than he has ever been, and that the very character of the opposition to him shows that his adversaries are conscious of this fact. The Democratic opposition is typified by Governor HILL, the Republican opposition by Mr. BLAINE. The President's strength lies in the general approval of intelligent Democrats, of independent voters, and of Republicans to whom the ascendency of Mr. BLAINE signifies the decadence of the party. In a personal campaign, as that of next year promises to be, this support will be very significant.

THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

THE Grand Army of the Republic has been placed in a very unfortunate position by tolerating without protest the conduct of some of its conspicuous representatives. The curses invoked by General FAIRCHILD, the head of the Grand Army, upon the President of the United States for an order which, upon perceiving that it transcended the Executive authority, he instantly revoked, but which was due to a patriotic and honorable feeling, were substantially approved by the Grand Army; while the contemptuous declarations of General TUTTLE, the chief of the Grand Army in Iowa, that it would insult the President, who might also be personally assaulted, if in pursuance to the invitation of the citizens of St. Louis he should venture to visit that city, were accepted by the Army, so far as we have seen, without protest or rebuke. The grossest insult was offered to the President of the United States in the name of the Grand Army of the Republic, and apparently with its approval. It is certainly a misfortune for that association, because it shows that it has become a political machine.

Those who say that the President should have taken the risk of insult forget that they should rather say the Grand Army should have protested against the threat. There is no doubt that, under the incitement of the Republican organs and the inflammatory action of Grand Army Posts, there would have been a shameful scene at St. Louis. This was the object of the pension agents and the reckless politicians who fanned the fire. They described the visit of the President as the attempted booming of a candidate, and they declared that the Grand Army would help no candidate's boom. Passion and prejudice were carefully excited. Animosity was aroused by decrying the pension vetoes as blows at honest and suffering soldiers. The order for the return of the flags was emphasized as the sign of sympathy with rebellion and preference of the gray to the blue. Military and sectional feeling were sedulously exasperated. The President would unquestionably have been insulted, and the consequent uproar and circumstances would have been most unfortunate and disgraceful. No good cause could have gained by the scene, and sectional feeling, the very object of the instigators of the business, would have been greatly embittered.

It is not an answer to say that it is an insult to the Grand Army to suppose that such an outrage would have been possible. Why was it an insult to suppose it possible when a leader of the Army had announced and justified it, and Post after Post had expressed hostile feeling, and the Republican press was forecasting the outrage, and the Commander of the Grand Army invoked palsy upon the President's hand, and still the Grand Army uttered no protest and made no sign? Undoubtedly a spirit of bravado might have carried the President to St. Louis to take the chances and to put the Grand Army under public condemnation. But that is not the duty of the President. The visit was to be a visit of friendly courtesy and pleasure. If it was to be made the occasion of outrage and insult, his duty was to stay away. If he had gone, the refusal of Posts to pass in review, or the opprobrious cries and the tumult and disturbance, would have been cited as proofs of the popular dislike of the President, and he would have been stigmatized as the only President who had ever been received with open expressions of hostility. There is no reason whatever why the President should have acquiesced in such a scandal. He was invited to St. Louis at the time of the visit of the Grand Army. The Grand Army, by the mouth of TUTTLE, one of its chiefs, said that he should be insulted. Nothing was more probable. The Grand Army silently acquiesced. The President then properly said, "You may insult me personally at your pleasure, but you shall not insult the President of the United States." It is very unfortunate that the Grand Army permits itself to remain in this position.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

THE list of the stock contracts made by agents of the Leavenworth, Pawnee, and Western Railroad Company to secure the passage of the Pacific Railway bill in 1862, like all such lists, is undoubtedly deceptive in seeming to implicate perfectly honorable men, but it is none the less an illustration of the methods of great corporations with Legislatures of all kinds. It is a list of gifts of money in the form of stock which is to become valuable by the legislative acts which the gift is intended to secure. The thing which the gift is to buy is, first, interest, labor, influence; and second, legislation. Stock is given to editors, lawyers, lobbyists, friends of influential persons, and members of Legislatures. They are all to combine and concentrate their efforts, and their success will leave them with money in their pockets. This is a common form of political corruption, of which the most noted and flagrant illustration was the Crédit Mobilier, fifteen years ago. It is the same alarming fact and tendency which the JACOB SHARP and "boodle aldermen" trials have disclosed, and which are the gravest evil of our political situation.

Such a list as this of the Leavenworth road or any similar list reveals the fact that there are multitudes of members of Legislatures who receive money in this form, and while some of them may be really sophisticated and unable to see the real meaning of the transaction, the rest understand it very well. When a candidate for the Assembly from the city of New York pays a political assessment of five hundred or a thousand dollars to his party committee, he is buying a place upon such lists. He is securing at a very reasonable price a very great opportunity to make money. The commodity in which he deals is public trusts. He sells votes and legislation. It was in this market that JACOB SHARP traded. Like the Crédit Mobilier and the Leavenworth, Pawnee, and Western, he bought votes and legal skill and political influence. He supposed that it was the general practice, and when he is convicted of one of the most heinous crimes possible in a republic, his counsel appeal to public pity for a very old and very sick man. But is not counsel's duty fully discharged when it has invoked every resource of law and every device of argument, and after a fair trial an unquestioned verdict is rendered, with a recommendation to mercy?

But everybody knows that the Leavenworth and Pawnee list and JACOB SHARP's bribing and the "combine" of the aldermen are not confined to them, but illustrate a general understanding and a familiar practice. How many great enterprises seeking legislation are there which do not as of course make up these lists, and devote a large sum of money to bribe legislators and buy legislation? What are the railroad lobbies that haunt Legislatures? What are the lucrative places, the employments, directly or indirectly bestowed upon the relatives of those whom it is desirable to secure? Is it not all tampering with public trusts? Is it not a dangerously increasing tendency in the country? Can there be any more vital question? Is there any more imperative duty for every citizen than to vote so as to rebuke this evil most emphatically, and to show that the way to great office lies through old-fashioned honesty and the strictest fidelity to public trusts?

ROME AND DR. McGLYNN.

THE excommunication of Dr. McGLYNN was expected, but its promulgation attracted general attention. As we stated two weeks ago, the excommunication would not in itself signify condemnation of his views, but of him. He was a priest of the Roman Church, under a vow of obedience which is absolute. He was ordered to Rome to explain his position. He disregarded the order, and is punished. "Dr. McGLYNN," says Chancellor PRESTON, "has been excommunicated, not for holding certain political opinions contrary to the teachings of the Catholic Church nor for any political actions that he has committed, but for disobeying the positive command of the Sovereign Pontiff summoning him to Rome." He is expelled from the Church for contumacy. The authorities of his Church may approve or disapprove his views, but they cannot condone his contemptuous defiance of their order without abandoning all attempts to maintain discipline. Dr. McGlynn would hardly deny this. He knew, of course, the rules of his Church and the penalty of disobedience, and he decided to disobey. He is probably not at all surprised by his own excommunication.

In his speech upon the subject, however, he represented the Vatican as punishing him for preaching certain doctrines, and cited the case of Galileo. But this is not technically true, although it may be substantially true. If he had obeyed the Vatican, and going to Rome, had explained and defended his views, and upon their condemnation by the Church had persisted in preaching them, he would have defied his Church, not because it punished him for disobeying its summons to explain his views, but because it prohibited him from preaching what he believed to be the truth. Going to Rome, however, would have been in his judgment a mere technical regularity. The letter of the Pope to Archbishop Corrigan shows that virtually Dr. McGlynn's views were already condemned, and the summons to Rome he probably regarded as merely a formal demand to know what the Doctor had to say against condemnation.

The manner in which this heavy penalty of the Church of Rome, which denies its offices even in death and burial to Dr. McGlynn, has been received, is a very significant sign of the influence of the American spirit upon the Roman tradition. There are evidently great numbers of Roman Catholics who are willing to share the Doctor's fate, whatever it may be, and they will be sustained by the general sentiment of that larger part of the community which is not of the Roman faith. The result of the action of the Vatican will apparently be that the anathema of the Church will no longer be the dreaded edict which to the faithful it has always been. Were Dr. McGlynn a mere theologian or preacher who upon a fatal difference with the Vatican had been excommunicated, it is probable that the closing of the pulpit to him would be the end of his career. But he holds his adherents not only as a priest, but as a social reformer, and of a doctrine which attracts great multitudes of persons. It is fair to assume, therefore, that the punishment of the priest will but heighten the ardor of attachment to the reformer, and that with his oratorical power Dr. McGlynn will continue to be a conspicuous figure in a movement which is not likely to flag.

THE COLOR LINE.

The project of the Afro-American League, which we recently mentioned, has received a good deal of attention, and is generally warmly commended by the colored press. The chief objection is that such an association would tend to degenerate into a body of political mercenaries holding their votes at the disposal of those who would offer the highest consideration. But if the consideration were relief from the grievances which furnish the reason of the organization, it would not be a mercenary, but a wise and humane result. A league of colored citizens offering to trade their votes for office would be mercenary in the highest degree. But a union of colored voters to secure redress of wrongs to colored citizens as such, and pledging their support in return for the pledge of aid, is a perfectly honorable and American procedure. Hitherto the complaints of the colored citizens, in this part of the country at least, have implied that they did not receive a fair share of the offices, a complaint with which there can be no very strong sympathy, except so far as the want of office might be held to show mere prejudice.

The purposes of the League we have already mentioned, and we have pointed out that they are not purposes to be achieved by national legislation. So far as the wrongs are remediable by law, the remedy must be sought in the States where the wrongs exist, and all that the League could offer in aid would be moral sympathy. The wrongs are often indirect, as in election laws which, under an air of equity and of general applicability, are so drawn as to weigh most heavily upon colored voters. Such a wrong can be reached by State legislation. But in seeking relief there is a question which no intelligent colored man can disregard: Does it follow that a community in which the majority is colored would be better governed in the interest of all, including the colored citizens, by the colored majority? The truth may be, as intelligent colored citizens may see plainly, that such a majority may be largely ignorant and inexperienced, and unable to secure an honest, economical, and wise government, and that the better course for every good citizen, colored or white, is to disregard the fact of color, and vote for the best candidate.

If the colored citizens in any State should unite as a colored party, and elect a colored Legislature and State officers, they would not necessarily benefit themselves or the State. In forming a league of the kind proposed, therefore, it would seem to be wise to define the wrongs which are remediable by law, but not to assume that redress can be obtained only by colored agents. We know very well that it is the whites who have drawn the color line in the Southern States, but it must be disregarded by colored citizens if they would prosper. They ought not to declare, under any circumstances, that they hold an ignorant and half-fanatical government to be better than any other. This is the view of many intelligent colored Southern voters. They prefer not to mass the colored vote against the white, but to break the color line by voting for good white candidates whenever they can. Under existing circumstances they see no chance of their effective political activity until the whites, divided among themselves, seek the colored vote. The condition of the colored citizen is hard everywhere because of prejudice. But it is doubly hard for the intelligent colored man in the Southern States, because added to the prejudice is the undoubted fact that a great number of colored voters are unfit for the franchise, and that their domination could not be endured. The problem offered to the proposed Afro-American League is one of the most difficult with which patriotism and statesmanship can deal.

A "BY-ELECTION."

It has been recently thought that the question of home rule for Ireland had made no progress in England, and it was even said that Mr. Gladstone was discouraged. The government majority in Parliament has been strong and steady. The tone of John Bright's letters and of the speeches of Lord Hartington and of Mr. Chamberlain has been more and more uncompromising, while the ill health of Mr. Parnell and the age of Mr. Gladstone were not a sure dependence for a policy that must wait. The Irish situation was at least unpromising. But the late elections favoring the Liberals have naturally created a profound sensation. They are like a rift in a cloud. Then there is still sunshine beyond, is the natural feeling. Perhaps, after all, we are mistaken, now say the Liberals. We have despaired too soon, and the country is with us, or is on the way to be with us. It does not believe that the crimes bill or the coercion bill is the best possible Parliamentary memorial of the Queen's Jubilee.

Mr. Smalley, in the *Tribune*, says that it is understood in England that nothing is so misleading as a by-election, or what we should call a special election. But at least a by-election should seem to be a capital test of local opinion, for the reason that it is unaffected by the tumult and current of a general campaign. If at a special Congressional election in this country, while a debate of the highest importance and interest was proceeding in Congress, a strong Democratic district should elect a Republican Representative by a great majority, it would certainly be most significant of a serious change in the sentiment of that district. In England Mr. Gladstone and his friends have this great advantage before the voters, that while they deny absolutely the charge of separatism, which is the serious popular cry against them, they maintain the simple policy of local self-government in Ireland as against coercion, which has been tried and which has failed a hundred times. This, we say, is the manner in which the situation presents itself to the rural English mind.

The rupture in the Liberal party now seems to be final. So long as Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington spoke respectfully and kindly of each other, it might be surmised that they did not hold a reunion of the party to be impossible. But the difference was evidently vital, and Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington now speak very plainly of each other. Indeed, the old Liberal party of the Gladstone Administration is gone. When its leader is more warmly detested by a large section of his late supporters than any Tory chief, and is denounced as a traitor and a Judas and an enemy of his country, the party cannot be reunited except under a leadership and with a policy which would attest the destruction of the old organization. At this distance it seems that the party situation in England will be unchangeable so long as Mr. Gladstone lives. A party of which Lord Hartington or Mr. Chamberlain should be chief would not be the old Gladstone Liberal party.

NEXT YEAR.

A sagacious original Republican of the antislavery school, who voted for Mr. Blaine, and who thought Mugwumpery a great mistake, says that he cannot believe the Republicans will again nominate Mr. Blaine. "For what," he asks, "is the situation? Mr. Blaine has had his fair chance. He was nominated with all the Republican prestige of a quarter of a century and with a grave apprehension of the results of Democratic success to sustain him; and he was beaten. The chance of Republican defeat with a candidate once beaten, and the consequences, in the existing situation, of a second successive defeat of the party, cannot be overlooked. I cannot believe he will be nominated."

The old Republican proceeds to say that whether Mr. Blaine's defeat was due to the Independent vote, to the Prohibition vote, or to the Irish anger with Dr. Burchard, the fact remains that with all the advantage of the situation in 1884, Mr. Blaine could not secure votes enough for his election. Now the Independents and the Prohibitionists are certainly not fewer, the Irish contingent will not be larger, and the Democrats are in power; where, then, is the greater chance of success for Mr. Blaine? The Labor vote, he adds, obscures the prospect, because it is an unknown quantity, but it is not for Republicans to hope to win by that kind of scratch, which would not prove that the party was not really decadent. The situation would be different, says this Republican, if Mr. Blaine were the only candidate. But he is not. There are three or four men who could command the whole Republican vote, "and win back some of you Mugwumps. The risk of Mr. Blaine's nomination is too great, and I do not believe it will be taken."

This is the view of a Republican who voted for Mr. Blaine, and would vote for him again were he nominated. But it omits the fact that Mr. Blaine undoubtedly desires the nomination, that his friends control the party machine, that he and no other Republican has a large and enthusiastic following, and that the voice of the Republicans who most strenuously withstood his nomination before is no longer heard in the party councils. In Ohio the friends of Mr. Sherman do not dare to try conclusions with Mr. Blaine even for Mr. Sherman's own State. Moreover, the party record since 1884 shows no discontent with what may be called Blaine Republicanism, and of itself has done little to recall the party estrays of that year. If, as was proudly asserted in 1884, Mr. Blaine was the undoubted representative of the party then, there is no reason to doubt that he is its representative now. We differ from our Republican friend in thinking that he will be nominated in 1888.

PERSONAL.

Nelson Morris, the little Austrian who is, next to Phil Armour, the greatest handler of dressed beef in the world, is one of Chicago's lions because of his peculiarities. The wearing of a fur cap every year until the first of August is one of these; and another is that although several times a millionaire, Mr. Morris has never learned to appreciate a good cigar, and hands out to his friends something in the line of a smoke that is described as uniquely horrible in flavor.

—H. Carey Lea, of Philadelphia, is pronounced by the *British Journal of Photography* the amateur who has done most to advance the practical application of science to photography.

—General P. W. Murphy, the millionaire cattle raiser of California, is now entertaining a large party of San Franciscans at his fine ranch, the Santa Margarita, near San Luis Obispo. He took his guests down to the ranch from San Francisco in a special car. Horseback riding is one of the chief amusements on the ranch.

—The health of Governor Bartlett, of California, has somewhat improved, but he is still far from restored to his usual condition. He is now staying with relatives in Oakland, the State capital being too warm for him in the midsummer months.

—Colonel George B. Andrews, who for twenty-five years has been stationed at Fort Winfield Scott, that guards the entrance to San Francisco Bay, was buried recently without military honors, according to his own request. For twenty years he was in charge of the Presidio military post, and his grave is now in the reservation grounds, not far from that of General McDowell.

—Postmaster Judd, of Chicago, one of President Cleveland's first appointments to office in Illinois, is a power in Episcopal Church councils as well as politics, and is said to be about the best posted man on ecclesiastical law in this country.

—From a timely article on the Irish party in the British House of Commons in Harper's Magazine for August, it appears that some of the most prominent members of it have been or are connected with journalism. Edmund Dyer Gray is editor and proprietor of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal;* Justin McCarthy is a leader writer on the London *Daily News;* T. D. Sullivan is editor and proprietor of the Dublin *Nation*, on which also Thomas Sexton was a leader writer; William O'Brien, our recent visitor, is editor of *United Ireland;* Timothy Harrington is proprietor of the *Kerry Sentinel;* James O'Kelly is the celebrated special correspondent of the New York *Herald;* and T. P. O'Connor has had a varied journalistic career, ranging from a place as sub-editor in the office of the London *Daily Telegraph* to that of London correspondent of the New York *Sun*.

—A useful map of the environs of New York city has just been issued by Mr. E. C. Bridgman. It is compiled from official data, is very minute in detail, and is carefully indexed, so that any desired locality may easily be found.

—Mr. Joseph Proctor, who played in *Nick of the Woods* for nearly half a century, and in all parts of the country, has left the stage, and teaches elocution in Boston.

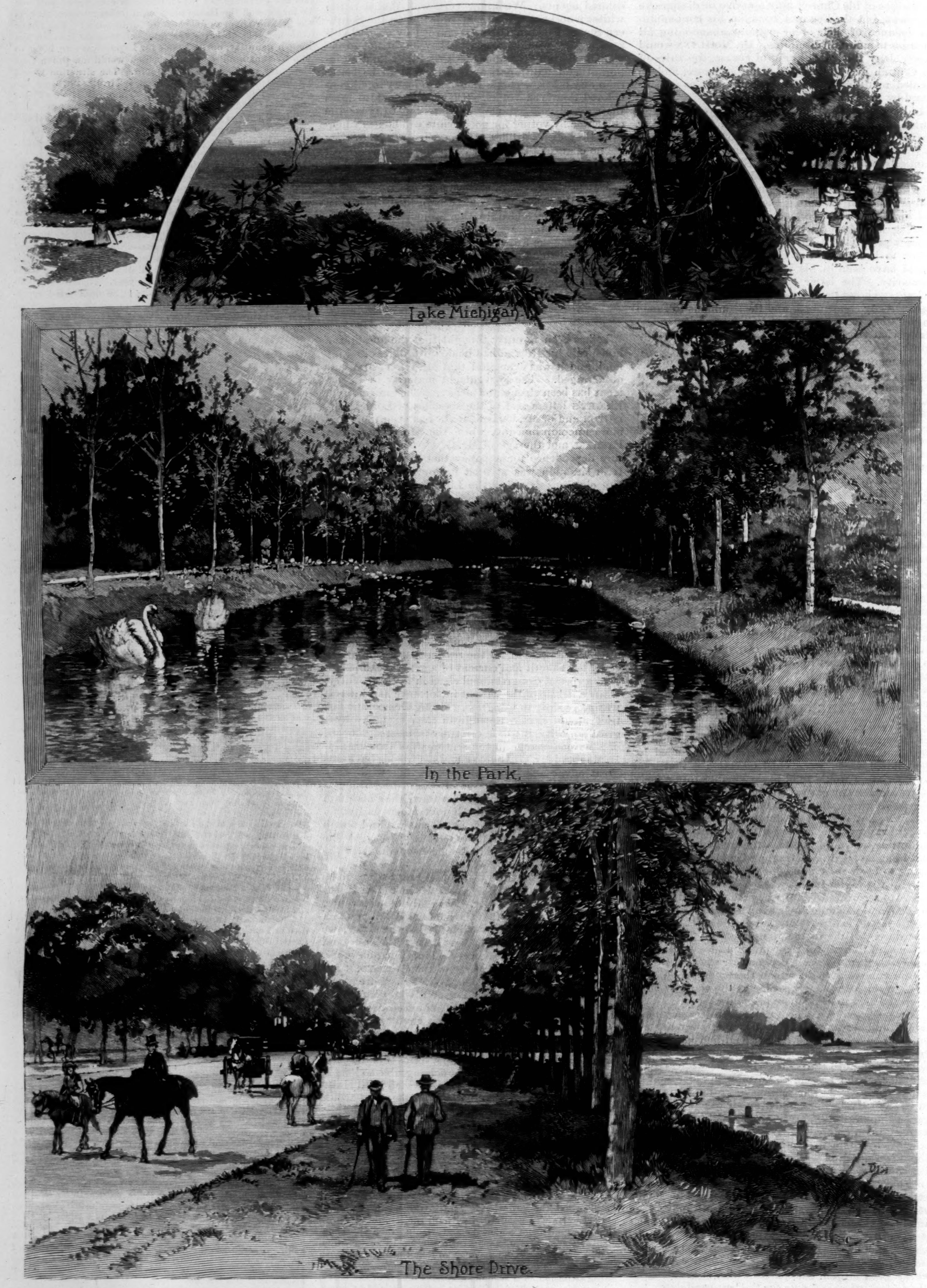
—Mr. Jacob P. Leese, who went to California in 1833, and who lived in Yerba Buena, the village which was transformed into the present city of San Francisco, is now once more in his old haunts, and greatly surprised at the changes which the years have wrought. He recalls that the first Fourth of July celebration on the Pacific Coast was held at his house in Yerba Buena in 1836, and that he was the only American present, all his guests being Mexicans.

—It is ten years since James Lick, the San Francisco millionaire, died, leaving the bulk of his large fortune for charitable and scientific purposes, yet the most practical of his bequests—the training-school in the trades for young lads—has never been begun. In their first ten years of management the Lick trustees spent $150,000 for legal fees.

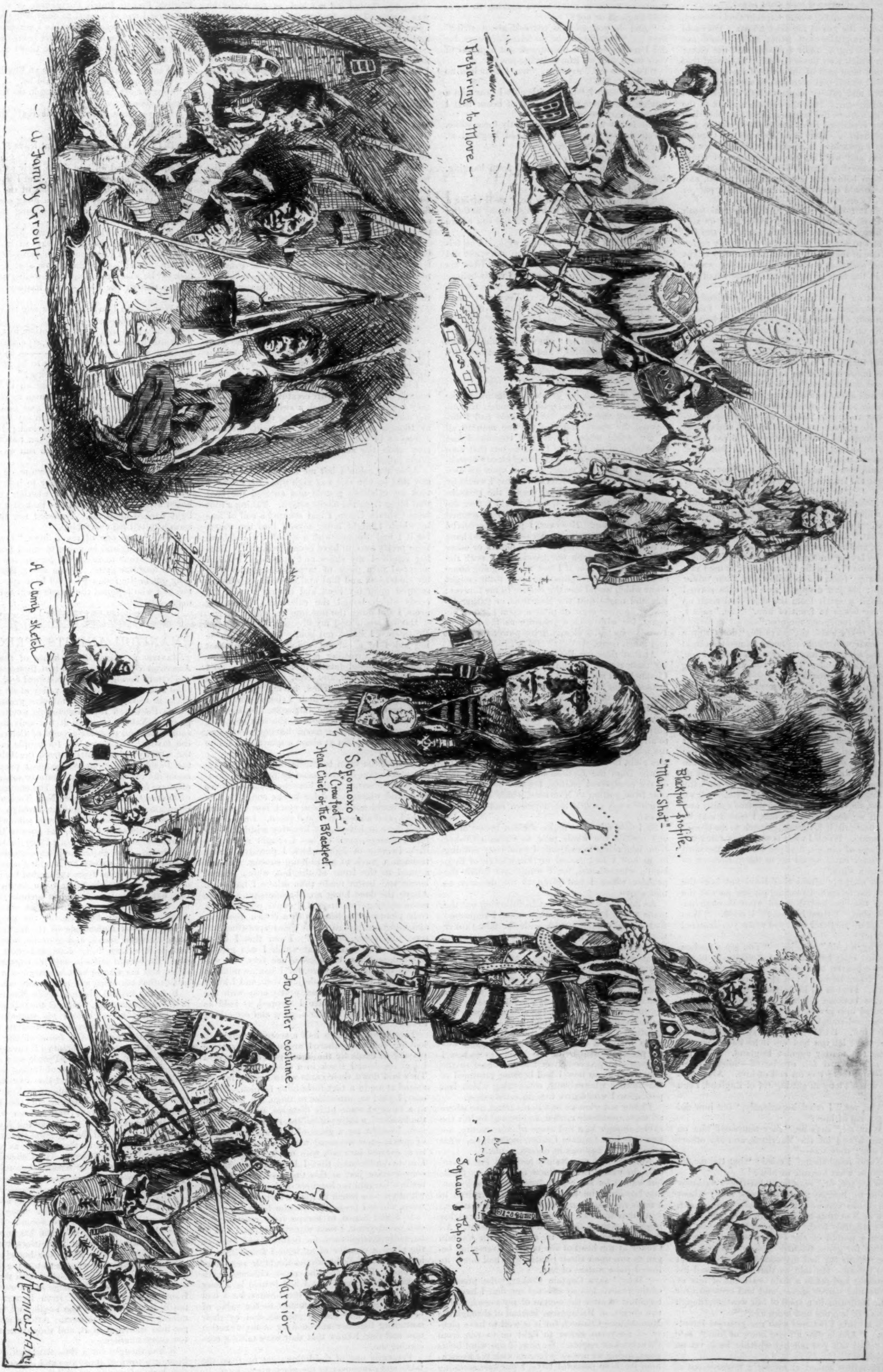
—One of the largest wheat fields in the world is that of ex-Congressman C. F. Reed, of Stanislaus County, California. It consists of 10,000 acres in one unbroken stretch along the bank of the San Joaquin River, and much of the land is protected by levees, as the stream is higher than the shore. The grain this year is as high as the back of a horse, and it is estimated the yield will be forty bushels to the acre. This will give 400,000 bushels, which will load ten large vessels.

—Mayor Roche, of Chicago, looks personally to all machinery constructed for the municipality. The Mayor is a practical machinist, having served an apprenticeship at the trade, and makes good use of this knowledge in his new position.

—A police justice in the city of New York is an officer of serious responsibilities. This year Police Justice Duffy, who has served thirteen years, passed sentence in more than 16,000 cases. He says that the most difficult of the duties of a police justice is to act according to the dictates of his conscience. By long training he thinks that he always knows when a prisoner is lying. A guilty prisoner's wisest course, he declares, is to say: "Judge, I am guilty. I throw myself on the mercy of the court." In a case of intoxication or disorderly conduct this course is likely to secure his discharge if it is a first offence. "When a woman weeps before me," declares Judge Duffy, "I remember that I had a mother, a sister, and nieces, and I am apt to let her go. When a man weeps, I think the worse of him. I haven't wept myself since I was sixteen years of age."


Lake Michigan.
In the Park.
The Shore Drive.

LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 523.]



– A Family Group –
– Preparing to Move –
A Camp sketch
Sopomoxo (Crawfoot) Head Chief of the Blackfeet.
Blackfoot Profile. "Man-Shot"
In winter costume.
Squaw & Papoose
Warrior
Remington

IN THE LODGES OF THE BLACKFEET INDIANS.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 523.]

THE ROSE OF PARADISE.

[*Continued from front page.*]

to the quarter-deck, where Captain Croker stood, just below the rail of the deck above. They told a very straightforward story, and I could not help admiring at their coolness and the clever way in which they passed it off. They said that they had been part of the crew of the brigantine *Orinoud*, which had been lost in a storm about a hundred and twenty leagues north of the island of Madagascar. That the captain and six of the crew had taken the long-boat, and that they had become separated from her in the darkness two nights before. They answered all of Captain Croker's questions in a mightily straightforward manner, and with all the appearance of truth. After satisfying himself he told them that they might go below and get something to eat, and that he would carry them to England as a part of the ship's crew.

At first I was inclined to tell the real truth concerning them to Captain Croker, but on second thoughts I determined to see what the fellows had to say for themselves, for I only recognized one of them, and, after all, their story might be true, and that one have given up his wicked trade in the four or five months since I had last seen him.

About an hour after this I saw my friend the pirate engaged forward in coiling a rope. I came to him and watched him for a while, but he kept steadily on with what he was about, and said nothing to me.

"Well, sir," said I, after a bit, "and how was Captain England when you saw him last?"

The fellow started up as suddenly as though the rope had changed to an adder in his hands. He looked about him as though to see if any one were near and had overheard what I said to him, and then recovered himself with amazing quickness. He grinned in a simple manner, and chucked his thumb up to his forelock. "What was it you were saying, sir?" says he. "I didn't just understand you."

"Come, come," says I; "that will never pass amongst old friends. Why, don't you remember me?"

He looked at me in a mightily puzzled fashion for a while. "No, sir; asking your pardon, sir," said he, "I don't remember you."

"What," said I, "have you forgot Captain Mackra, and how you gave him a kick in the side when he lay on the deck of the *Cassandra*, down off Jehanna?" As the fellow looked at me I saw him change from red to yellow and from yellow to blue; his jaw dropped, and his eyes started as though a spirit from the dead had risen up from the decks in front of him. "So," says I, "I see you remember me now."

"For God's sake, sir," says he, "don't ruin a poor devil who wants to make himself straight with the world. I was drunk when I kicked you, sir—the Lord knows I was; you wouldn't hang me for that, sir, would you?"

"That depends," says I, sternly, "upon whether you answer my questions without telling me a lie, as you did Captain Croker just now."

"I wish I may die, sir," said he, "if what I tell you ain't so. We all three of us left the *Royal James* last night; she was the *Cassandra*, sir, but we christened her a new name, and hoisted the Black Roger over her. We got scared, sir, at the way things was going since Ned England left us and Tom Burke turned captain; for he ain't the man England was, and that's the truth. All we ask now, sir, is to start fair and square again; and so be if we don't hang for this, I wish I may be struck dead, sir, if I, for one, go back to the bloody trade again. So all I want is to have a fair trial, and I begs of you, sir, that you won't say the word that would hang us all up to the yard-arms as quick as a wink."

I am mightily afraid that I did not hear the last of the fellow's discourse, for one part of the speech that he had dropped went through me like a shot. "How is that?" I cried. "Was not Captain England with you when you deserted the ship?"

"Why, no, sir," says he. "You see, sir, when we sailed away from Jehanna, Tom Burke began to move heaven and earth against England, and back of him he had all of the worst of the crew aboard. First of all he began setting matters by the ears because England and Ward had been wheedled into giving you—asking your pardon, sir—a good sound vessel and all them bales of cloth stuff. I tell you plain, sir, Burke would never have let you had 'em if he hadn't wanted to use the matter against England. Well, sir, one night Ward fell overboard—nobody knew how—and there was an end of him. After that they weren't long in getting rid of England, I can tell you."

"Yes, yes," I cried, impatiently, "but how did you get rid of him?"

"Why, sir," says he, "they marooned him on a little island off the Mauritius, and six others with him; they was—"

"Never mind them," I cried; "but tell me, do you know what became of him?"

"Why, yes, sir," says he; "leastways we knew of him by hearsay; and this was how: About eight weeks ago we ran into a cove on the south shore of Mauritius to clean both ships, which had grown mightily foul. While we lay there on the careen a parcel of the crew who had been off hunting for game fetched back one of the selfsame fellows we had marooned two months and more before. He told us that England and his shipmates had made a little craft out of bits of boards and barrel staves, and had crossed over to the Mauritius in a spell of fair weather, though it was five leagues and more away."

To all this I listened with the greatest intentness. "And is that all you know of him?" said I. "And can you not tell whether he is yet on the island?"

The fellow looked at me for a moment out of the corners of his eyes without speaking. "Look 'ee, sir," said he, after a little while, "what I wants to know is this: be ye seeking to harm Ned England or not?"

"And do you trouble yourself about that?" says I. "Sure he can be no friend of yours, for did I not myself see him knock out a parcel of your teeth with an iron belaying-pin?"

"Yes, you did," says he; "but I bear him no grudge for that."

"Why," said I, "then neither do I bear him a grudge, and I give you my word of honor that I mean no harm to him."

The fellow looked at me earnestly for a while. "You wants to know where Ned England is, don't you, sir?" said he.

I nodded my head.

"And I wants to be perserved from hanging, don't I?"

I nodded my head again.

"Then look 'ee, sir," says he, "we'll strike a bit of a bargain: if you'll promise to say nothing to harm me and my shipmates, I'll tell you where to find Ned England."

I considered the matter for a while. The fellow had told me a straightforward story, nor did I doubt that he intended to break away from his evil courses. I may truly say that I verily believe I would not have betrayed the three poor wretches under any circumstances. "Very well," said I, "I promise to keep my part of the bargain."

"Upon your honor?" said he.

"Upon my honor," said I.

"Then, sir," said he, "you will find him at Port Louis, in the Mauritius," and he turned upon his heel and walked away.

XIV.

I was filled with the greatest exultation by the knowledge which I had gained through the deserter from the pirates, for not only had I discovered the whereabouts of the one man in all of the world whom I felt well convinced had knowledge of the Rose of Paradise, but that man no longer had a crew of wicked and bloody wretches back of him, but stood, like me, upon his own footing. Therefore I determined that I would by some means or other either regain the treasure or perish in the attempt, for I would rather die than live a life of dishonor such as now seemed to lie before me. However, I plainly perceived that if I would recover the treasure I would have to escape from the ship by some means or other whilst we were upon our passage and near the isle of Mauritius, for if I lost time by going home and standing my examination, many things might occur which would lose the chance to me forever: England might quit the Mauritius, or gather together another crew of pirates upon his own account, for with such a treasure as the Rose of Paradise he had it clearly in his power to do that and much more.

At that time our English vessels were used to lay their course up and down the Mozambique Channel, and not along the eastern coast of Madagascar; for the Mauritius and other islands which lie to the northeast of that land belong to the French or Dutch, as those in the Channel belong to us. Therefore it was necessary to my purpose that I should persuade Captain Croker to alter his course, so as to run down outside of the island instead of through the Channel, for it was plain to see that even if I should be able to escape from the *Lavinia* to Jehanna or to any of the coadjacent islands, I would be as far as ever from getting to Mauritius, which lieth many leagues away around the northern end of Madagascar.

So I determined to make a clean breast of it, and confide the whole plan to Captain Croker from beginning to end, only I would say nothing as to how I had gained my knowledge of England's whereabouts, for I would not break the promise which I had given to the deserter, as told above.

As no time was to be lost in following out the plans which I had determined upon, I requested that I might have speech with Ca-tain Croker that very night. I told him everything concerning the affair from beginning to end, adding nothing and omitting nothing. Although so old and so well tried a friend, he was cast into the utmost depths of wonder and amazement at my audacity in proposing that he should alter the course of his vessel, and at my boldness in daring to tell him my plans for escaping from the restraint under which I had been placed. He questioned me closely concerning many matters: as to what led me to think that England was the present possessor of the jewel; as to how I proposed to proceed after I had escaped to the land; and as to how I had become informed of the pirate's whereabouts, concerning which last particular I would give him no satisfaction.

I knew not what he had in his mind, nor where all these questions tended, and by-and-by left the cabin, though in a sad state of uncertainty, not knowing how Captain Croker inclined, nor what might be his feelings in regard to me.

Nor was my uncertainty lessened for several days, in which time I knew not what to think, but waited for some sign from him. One evening, however, the whole matter was resolved in a most simple, natural, and unexpected manner.

At that time we were about seventy or eighty leagues north of the island of Madagascar. All the passengers being at supper, with Captain Croker at the head of the table, conversation began to run upon those pirates who had much infested these waters of late.

"Why," says Captain Croker, "the presence of the rascals has so affected me that I have determined to alter the course of my vessel, and to run outside of Madagascar instead of through the Mozambique Channel, for it is well to have plenty of sea-room either to fight or to run from these wicked rogues. So now, if the wind holds good, seeing we are such friends with the Frenchmen in these peaceful days, I purpose stopping at the Mauritius to take aboard fresh provisions."

Captain Croker did not look at me whilst he was saying all this, but studiously kept his eyes upon the plate before him, and presently rose and left the table.

As for me, I sat with my heart beating within my breast as though it would burst asunder, for I saw that my fate was decided at last, and that one of the greatest happenings in all of my life was soon to come upon me.

In two days, as Captain Croker had predicted, we dropped anchor in the harbor off Port Louis, at about three o'clock in the afternoon. I ate but little supper that night, my mind being so engrossed upon that which I had undertaken to do.

We lay about half a mile from the shore, the water in the bay being very calm and still. I had procured four large calabash gourds, with which I had made shift to rig up a very decent float or life-preserver, for I had need of some such aid in my expedition, not being a very expert swimmer.

In all this time I had said nothing to Captain Croker nor he to me; but about seven o'clock, it being at that time pretty dark, he came to me where I stood by the rail of the poop-deck.

"Jack," said he, in a low voice, "are you still in the mind for carrying this thing through?"

"Yes, I am," I said.

"To-night?" says he.

"To-night," says I.

"Then God bless you!" said he, and he gave my hand a hearty grip. Then he turned upon his heel and went below, and I knew that my time for acting had arrived.

I had not much fear of sharks, for I had seen enough of those cowardly creatures to know that they rarely or never attack a swimmer or a moving man, but only a body floating upon the water as though dead; moreover, at night they are asleep or in deep water, for they are not often seen upon the surface after the darkness has fairly fallen.

After the captain left me I looked around and saw that no one else was nigh upon the deck. I took my calabash gourds and entered the boat that hung from the davits astern. Taking a hint from Captain Leach, I had secured a coil of line by which I might lower myself into the water, for if I had dropped with a splash I would have been pretty sure to have been discovered. Having removed my shoes and stockings, which I wrapped in a piece of tarpaulin, together with my tinder-box and flint and steel, all of which I secured upon my head, and having slipped the cords which bound the calabashes under my arms, I slid down the line into the water astern.

Having committed my life into the keeping of Providence, I struck out boldly for the shore, being aided by a current which set toward that quarter, and directing my course by the lights which glimmered faintly in the distance. So I reached the beach, and built a fire, whereby I dried my clothes. Then, having put on my shoes and stockings, which I found had been kept pretty dry by the tarpaulin, I walked up the beach in the direction of the scattered row of houses which, the moon having now risen, stood out very plain at about a quarter of a mile distant.

I found the town to consist of a great straggling collection of low one-story buildings, mostly made of woven palm branches, smeared over with mud which had dried in the sun. At this time it could not have been much less than nine o'clock, and all was dark and silent. I went aimlessly here and there, not knowing whither to direct my steps, until at last I caught sight of a little twinkle of light, which I perceived came through a crack of an ill-hung shutter. I went around to the front of the hut, which seemed larger and better made than others I had seen. Above the door hung an ill-made sign, and the moon shining full upon it, I could plainly see a rude picture of a heart with a crown above it, and underneath, written in great sprawling letters, "*Le Cœur du Roy.*" From this I knew that it was an ordinary, at which I was greatly rejoiced, and also what suited me very well was to find that it was French, for I had no mind to fall in with English people just then, and I knew enough of French to feel pretty easy with the lingo. So into the place I stepped, as bold as brass, and ordered a glass of grog and something to eat.

There were perhaps half a score of rough, ill-looking fellows gathered around a dirty table playing at cards by the light from a flame of a bit of rope's-end stuck in a calabash of grease. They laid down their cards when I came in, and stared at me in a very forbidding fashion. However, I paid no attention to them, but sat down at a table at some little distance, and by-and-by the landlord, a little pot-bellied, red-faced Frenchman, brought me a glass of hot rum and a dish of greasy stew seasoned with garlic. He would have entered into talk with me, but I soon gave him to understand that I had no appetite for conversation just at this time; so after having made a bargain for lodgings during the night, he withdrew to a bench in the further corner of the room, where I presently saw him fall asleep.

If I had hoped to escape from meeting my own countrymen, I soon discovered that I was to be sadly disappointed, for before I had been in the place a quarter of an hour I found that at least half the fellows around the table were Englishmen. They were the most villanous, evil-looking set of men that I had beheld in a long time, and I could not but feel uneasy, for I had with me gold and silver money to the value of between ten and eleven guineas, and by their muttering together and looking in my direction now and then I knew that they were talking concerning me.

Presently one of the fellows got up from the table and came over to the place where I sat.

"Look 'ee, messmate," said he, seating himself upon the corner of the table beside me; "be ye English, French, Dutch, Portuguese, or what?"

At first I was of a mind to deny being an Englishman, but on second thoughts I perceived that it would be useless to do so, there being the scum of so many peoples at that place that I could not hope to escape exposure.

"Why, shipmate," said I, "I'm an Englisman."

"Where do ye hail from?" said he.

"Over yonder," said I, pointing in the direction of the *Lavinia*.

"Did ye come aboard of the craft that ran into the harbor to-day?"

I nodded my head.

"Did you come ashore without leave?"

I nodded my head again.

The others had all laid down their cards and were looking at us by this time, and I knew not what would have been the upshot of the matter had not the door just then been flung open and a great rough fellow come stumping into the place.

"Well," he bawled, in a great loud hoarse voice, "poor Ned is on his way to h—l hot-foot to-night. I just came by his stew-hole over yonder. Pah!"—here the fellow spat upon the floor—"he was screeching and howling and yelling as though the d——l was basting him already."

"Who's with him now?" says one of the fellows at the table.

"Who's with him!" says the other, in a mightily contemptuous tone. "Why, d'ye think that anybody would be such a —— —— fool as to stay with him now, with nothing to be got for it but the black tongue and a cursing?"

"But what I say is this," said an ill-looking one-eyed fellow: "he's not the man to serve his trade for all these here years and nothing to show for it. It's all very well to say that Jack Mackra shot the hoops off his luck; but you mark my words, he's got a cable out to windward somewhere, and he ain't goin' to run on the lee shore with an empty hold."

I was so amazed to hear my own name spoken that I knew not at first whether to believe that which mine ears had heard or whether they had heard aright. Then it was as though a sudden light flashed upon me. I needed not the next speech to tell me everything.

"Well," says one of the fellows, "even if so be as Ned England is going to smell brimstone before this time to-morrow, I for one see no reason to lose our game. Come along, Blake," he sang out to the fellow who had been speaking to me, and who rejoined the others upon being bidden.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MANITOU AND ITS SPRINGS.

MANITOU is the half-way house of the North American continent. With two thousand miles of country facing it to the eastward and a thousand miles of mountain and valley at its western back, it needed only the massive greatness of Pike's Peak and the surrounding wonders of a prodigal Nature to make it not only the chief sanitarium and pleasure-ground of Colorado, but the favorite stopping-place for people bound on the weary overland journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In summer-time most people who make the overland trip, on whatever errand, stop off there for a few days' rest. The energetic man of business, who starts from New York with the intention of rushing straight through to San Francisco, loses his cast-iron will somewhere on the dusty plains of Kansas, and goes to Manitou, almost surreptitiously, for a plunge in the mineral bath. The chronic pleasure-seeker, never wholly satisfied unless he is going away from some place, swerves from the beaten trail at Colorado Springs, partly because he wants recreation, but mainly because it has become the fashion to do so. The foreign tourist who is just glancing through America for the purpose of writing a book makes one of the big hotels his home between trains, and goes his way with a note-book written full. Last, and most serious of all, the invalid drifts in, with his rugs, his medicines, and his wheel-chair, in search of a wasted health that too often will never more come back.

It is the invalid who has made Manitou what it is. A century ago, while yet the primeval Indian brought his sick and his wounded down through the mountain passes for treatment at the big medicine waters, the fame of the springs crept out beyond the bounds of savagery and found a place in history. People who still believe in the superior virtue of Indian doctoring may take courage in the fact that like their brothers of the famous Ojo Caliente in New Mexico, the Utes of Colorado clung to the Manitou springs long after they were driven westward over the range. Even as late as the day of the summer cottage and the big hotel the tenacious Utes kept wigwams at the springs as hospitals for their ailing and infirm. The Colorado white man, when at length he wrested control of the springs from the Utes, made better use of the property than the red man did. Instead of hoarding the springs within the narrow circle of his tribe, he called attention to the virtues of the waters with the true Western sound. In these later days of graphic English his proceeding would be called a "boom." Settlers, travellers, and immigrants, who heard the booming, came with their families in wagons to test the qualities of the waters. Feeling satisfied with their visit, they made a second pilgrimage and brought their friends. They journeyed from Denver in the north, from Pueblo in the south, and from the mining regions in the west. After a while they got into the habit of it, and they came to Manitou every summer.

It was thought for a time that Manitou would become a town of some size and importance, but the lack of necessary railway communication proved to be so great an inconvenience that people who wished to be near the springs and at the same time on the line of the railway built their houses at Colorado Springs. When the Denver and Rio Grande Railway Company at length removed the difficulty by building a branch road from Colorado Springs to Manitou, Colorado Springs had gained so good a start that the little mountain resort was unable to make headway. Many people built permanent homes in Colorado Springs—invalids from the East who found a renewal of life in the dry air of mountains and plains, wealthy cattle-growers from the Colorado ranges, and successful operators from the Leadville, Gunnison, and San Juan mines. Their steady patronage, summer and winter, and the transient travel from both sides of the continent, ultimately gave to the growth of Manitou that impetus which has made it the mountain spa of the Great West.

A quarter of a century ago the present character of Manitou was accurately predicted by Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, an American author and traveller, who said: "When Colorado becomes a populous State, the springs of the Fontaine-qui-Bouille will constitute its spa. In air and scenery no more glorious summer residence could be imagined. The Coloradoan of the future, astonishing the Rocky foot-hills by a railroad from Denver to the springs, and running down on Saturday to stop over Sunday, will have little cause to envy us Easterners our Saratoga as he paces up and down the piazza of the Spa Hotel, mingling his full-flavored Havana with that lovely air, quite unbreathed before, which is floating down upon him from the snow peaks of the range." It is in no way strange that the Manitou of to-day should be a faithful fulfilment in every detail of this prediction. The wealth of natural attractions and health-giving resources which in the making of the mountains was distributed around the base of Pike's Peak shaped the destiny of Manitou from the first. Manitou needed not the Western man's artful boom, for it could not well have been other than it is. The gold fever of 1859, when Pike's Peak was a gilded Mecca for thousands of adventurous men toiling wearily across the wind-swept Kansas plains, disturbed the serenity of the hills for a brief time and then flickered out, leaving the Fontaine-qui-Bouille and its matchless surroundings in the full control of the savage Utes. Later still, when the gold and silver excitements of the first and second Leadvilles drew men from all quarters of the country, the narrow valleys of the Manitou region echoed almost continuously to the rumble of overburdened wagons as the long freighting trains toiled up through Ute Pass and on over the range. Like the fever of '59, this ripple of commercial life died away, and Manitou assumed the character which it so well bears to-day.

It needs only a cursory survey of the attractions of the mountain resort to show that this character is permanent. Chief of all the many resources of the place are the springs. The principal group of these fountains are enclosed within pleasure-grounds in the centre of the village. The lowest down the valley is the Shoshone, sometimes called the Sulphur spring—a purging carbonated soda-water, in which the action of the soda and carbonic acid is modified by the sulphates of soda and potash. Just above is the Navajo, which contains carbonates of soda, lime, and magnesia. It is in addition strongly impregnated with carbonic acid. Water is conducted in pipes from this spring to a large bath-house a short distance down the Fontaine-qui-Bouille.

On the opposite side of the stream is the Manitou Spring, a carbonated soda-water similar to the Navajo. A third spring of this character is the Ute Soda, on the right bank of the creek, a quarter of a mile farther up the valley. It is not so strongly charged as the other two. The temperature of these springs varies from 43° to 56° Fahrenheit. Half a mile up Ruxton's Glen, the mouth of which is situated within two hundred yards of the Manitou Spring, is the Iron Ute Spring, a ferruginous carbonated soda-water, wherein the action of the carbonic acid and soda is modified by the carbonate of iron. The temperature of this spring is 43° 3′ Fahrenheit. A few hundred yards farther up the glen is the Little Chief, a spring that possesses the qualities of both the Shoshone and the Iron Ute.

It is hard to say with any reasonable degree of accuracy what disorders these springs will or will not cure. Permanent residents of the resort claim that rheumatism, certain skin diseases, and cases of debility are much benefited by the use of the waters. The Iron Ute is said to give relief in cases of chronic alcoholism and uterine derangements, and the Manitou and the Navajo in cases of old liver and kidney disorders. Even though the springs may not cure in all cases, yet the summer life of the place itself can never fail to bring relaxation and amusement to the ill and weary. All the recreations and diversions that may be found in Eastern resorts, from Campobello to the White Sulphur, are available in or near Manitou. At the head of the pleasure-seeker's occupations stands the ascent of Pike's Peak—a journey that all visitors to Manitou owe it to themselves to make.

The trip to the peak is as well worn in contemporary literature as the broncho trail itself, yet the glory and majesty of America's most renowned mountain can never be realized until one has stood on its highest point and watched the rising sun gild the wilderness of surrounding peaks. The enterprising railroad builder, whose energy is well typified in the engineering achievements of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, has graded a road-bed from Manitou to the top of the peak. Erelong, no doubt, he will have his railroad in full operation. Second only to lofty Pike's Peak is Cheyenne Mountain, a bold and rugged bulk of rock a few miles southwest of Colorado Springs. The chief attractions of the mountain are the North and South Cheyenne cañons, which contain many beautiful water-falls and charming views. Of nearly equal interest to the climber are Cameron's Cone and neighboring heights.

The Garden of the Gods, long ago made familiar in literature and art, lies within a short ride of the Manitou hotels. Nature was in a strange mood when such weird and wonderful forms of rocks were cast upon the wide level of the Garden. To the superficial observer it seems as though some Western Pompeii lies half buried there. In nearly as remarkable a frame of mind was Nature when the Cave of the Winds and the Grand Caverns were dug in the solid rock of Manitou Cañon. In a country where water-falls are so scarce as to be curiosities the tourist cannot well omit a visit to Rainbow Falls, a desperate plunge of the Fontaine-qui-Bouille, two miles up the beautiful Ute Pass wagon-road. Of remoter interest, because situated at greater distances from Manitou, are Manitou Park, Monument Park, and Palmer Lake. Manitou Park is a large grassy cradle in the heart of the mountains just west of Pike's Peak. It is a spot much frequented by sportsmen. Monument Park, a natural collection of strange forms of rocks, and Palmer Lake, a pretty little sheet of water at the foot of a big hill, are favorite picnic grounds for the people of Colorado Springs and Denver.

William Willard Howard.

HANOVER.

We publish this week a picture of the now famous Hanover, a three-year-old chestnut horse by Hindoo out of Bourbon Belle. This colt is as yet unbeaten, having won every race in which he has started. As a two-year-old, last season he won four races, and to date this season he has won twelve races. June 23, at Sheepshead, with 118 pounds, in the Coney Island Derby, he won so easily, running the mile and a half in 2.41½, that it was little less than a farce. June 30, at Sheepshead, in the Emporium Stakes, distance a mile and a half, with 128 pounds, won by three lengths. July 2, at Sheepshead, in the Spindrift Stakes, distance a mile and a quarter, the race was a walk-over for Hanover, who ran away from Stockton and Raveller; time, 2.11¼. On July 7, at Monmouth Park, Hanover took another exercising gallop in the Lorillard Stakes, distance one mile and a half, with 118 pounds, and added about $13,000 more to his owner's bank account; time, 2.40½. James McLaughlin has ridden Hanover in all of his races this season. Mr. Philip Dwyer, in answer to the report that Mr. A. J. Cassatt intended buying Hanover to take to England with the Bard, says Mr. Cassatt has not money enough to buy Hanover. As Mr. Cassatt is several times a millionaire, Hanover's owners evidently hold him at a pretty high price.

THE BLACKFEET INDIANS.

There was a time when the Blackfeet with the Pawnees were the most dreaded of Indians. The camp-fire stories of a half-century ago are replete with the murderous deeds of the Blackfeet, for they were the Apaches of the past. Originally they were a large tribe, wandering over a great extent of country, from Hudson Bay to the Missouri and Yellowstone. What is to-day northern and eastern Montana was their favorite hunting ground. The Blackfoot Indian had his origin probably far north, and he formed the most westerly of the Algonquin family. To-day Blackfeet Indians are found in northern Montana and Canada. The last census does not give a satisfactory enumeration of their numbers in the United States, but it is probable that altogether, taking both divisions, about 12,000 individuals represent this once powerful tribe. Our artist has represented the Canadian Blackfeet, who live on a reservation near the Bow River, south of the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

With the killing of the buffalo, the last having been slaughtered some five years ago, the condition of these Indians is not a fortunate one. They receive from the Dominion government rations of beef and flour, and an annuity of five dollars per head. The chances of food being generally precarious, the Blackfeet are always wandering about, putting up and pulling down their tepees. The Canadian mounted police look after them carefully, for these Indians are not to be trusted. The Blackfoot is fond of appropriating other people's horses, and it is believed, when he has a chance, takes a shot at a lone white. Remembering his former prowess, the Blackfoot of to-day is fond of asserting his warlike character, and assumes a very independent manner with white men. If only he can frighten a timid man, his delight is intense. The type of the Blackfoot is by no means prepossessing, the lines of the face being hard, and the expression sinister. For dress he uses fairly well tanned skins, but depends for covering for the major part on the blanket coats furnished by the Hudson Bay Company. Polygamy used to be common, but to-day poverty has made the Blackfoot monogamous.

The given names of these Indians are peculiar, and children take names derived from some event in the life of their fathers. Thus we have "Tried-to-Fly-and-Could-Not," "Man-Shot," "Chief-Rabbit-Carrier," "Bad-Dead-Meat-Man," "Man-Kill-Woman," "Bent-in-the-Back-Old-Man," "Man-Caught-a-Woman." The present chief of the Canadian Blackfeet is "Crow-Foot." The squaws, like all Indian women, do the greater part of the work. They are clever at bead-work and hair-braiding. The Blackfeet have many enemies, and will kill a Cree or a Pend Orell whenever they can.

Mr. Remington presents many interesting pictures of Blackfoot existence. To break up camp is easily accomplished. Tent poles are not always readily procurable, so they are carried along attached to the horses. Within very small quarters the family group is assembled. To the white man the food an Indian eats never is inviting, for the smells are far from appetizing. The intense cold of the region the Blackfeet live in may be judged by the Indian winter costume. With a temperature last winter of 45° and 50° below zero, and lasting for several months, living as they do, the endurance of these Indians must be wonderful. Mr. Remington has made a characteristic drawing of Blackfeet arms, implements, and bead-work. Distinguishable among the arms is a *casse-tête*, which is a round stone bound securely to a wooden handle by means of thongs of green hide. This is the most primitive of weapons, and a relic of prehistoric man.

NAHANT AND SWAMPSCOTT.

While the more popular sea-side resorts in the vicinity of Boston are on the coast to the south and southeast of the city, those of a more aristocratic character are in the opposite direction. At the head of these is the picturesque peninsula of Nahant, ten miles from the city by water in a northeasterly direction. It is hardly accessible except by water, and is therefore almost without life save in the summer when the boats are running. It is in fact connected with the mainland by a narrow strip of hard beach opposite the city of Lynn, and may be reached by a moderate drive from that place. There is an abrupt ridge across this neck of sand near Lynn, known as Little Nahant, but Great Nahant is the summer resort. It contains only 460 acres, being about two miles long and half a mile wide, and irregular in shape. Its shores are for the most part abrupt, and lined with picturesque rocks from twenty to sixty feet high. These are worn into fantastic shapes by the sea, and have many singular fissures and cavities, one of which is known as "Swallows' Cave," and another as "Spouting Rock." Formerly there was a large hotel at Nahant, but it was burned in 1858, and has never been rebuilt. Since then the place has become the summer home of wealthy Bostonians, who have built cottages surrounded with pretty gardens. Their exclusiveness gave occasion for the *mot* of "Tom" Appleton, who was one of them, that Nahant was "cold roast Boston."

Longfellow had a summer home at Nahant for many years, where his friend Charles Sumner was wont to make long visits. Agassiz had not only a cottage but a laboratory there, where he cultivated marine growths of various kinds, animal and vegetable. One of the most attractive gardens is that of Mr. Frederic Tudor, who has a special penchant for horticulture. There is a spot on the north side of the peninsula which furnishes a resort for excursion parties, known as Maolis Garden, which affords the ordinary attractions of a picnic ground, and gives visitors a chance to wander around the irregular roads to look at the cottages and gardens of the wealthy summer residents. About a mile to the east, off the coast, is Egg Rock (so called from its shape), which is eighty-six feet high, and bears a light-house.

On a quiet bay a little beyond Nahant is Swampscott, reached by a branch from the Boston and Maine Railroad. This is rather a place of small hotels and large boarding-houses than of cottages, but its visitors are of the genteel order. There is a beautiful bit of beach at this place, which is flanked with rocks after the manner of the Newport beaches, and the adjacent country is varied and beautiful. The combination of beach, rocky shore, and verdant country is the chief charm of Swampscott, which has the advantage over Nahant for men who are occupied in the city during the summer of being easily and speedily reached by rail.

AMONG THE NEW YORK TENEMENTS.

A few minutes' walk from the Brooklyn Bridge to the left of the Bowery runs Baxter Street, crossing Worth Street and cornering off into Park Street. The store facing us in Mr. F. Barnard's picture is that of a dealer in second-hand wearing apparel, as indeed are nearly all in this locality. He pays $200 per month for the whole house. Nearly all are tenement-houses. Take one block; it measures 700 by 200 feet. On all four sides are rows of tenements four or five stories high. Behind one-third of the houses in these rows are rear houses with smaller rooms, darker and dirtier passages, backed often by yet another rear house, a brewery, a stable, or a factory. Altogether there are 1736 rooms. In these rooms live 2076 souls, divided into 460 families. Thus, on the average, each family of five persons occupies three rooms. The population of some parts of New York is 290,000 to the square mile; the most densely populated part of London has 170,000. In many cases there are fourteen or fifteen grown persons occupying two rooms, or even one, and then many of these rooms are hardly more than closets, and dark ones too. Almost all measure only 7 feet by 9, and have but one door and one window. The door leads into the apartment that serves as kitchen, parlor, sitting-room, laundry, and workshop, and the window opens on a dark stairway, up which the moisture from the cellar and the sewer gas from the drains are continually rising. One-fifth of these rooms, too, are in basements below the level of the street, and nearly half of even the outer rooms open into courts only 20 feet wide, in which there are usually several wooden outhouses for the use of the fifteen or twenty families in front and rear.

It is impossible for dwellers in tenement blocks to get out of the sight and sound of their neighbors, whose names are often unknown, but whose voices and footsteps are as familiar as those of their own room-mates. At all seasons of the year the inhabitants of a tenement-house must meet one another in the entries (sometimes less than a yard wide), on the stairs, at the sink—there is but one on each floor; must see into one another's rooms as they go in and out, must use the doorway, the roof, the yard, in common. And when, as now, men and women crowd together on the house-tops waiting for the breeze; when men will sit all night in the parks to escape the closeness of a room where a fire has been burning all day (not for cooking, but to heat the irons for the laundry or tailor's shop); when every window must stand open to let in what little air there is—then it may be seen that privacy in a tenement-house is not much more possible than in an Eastern caravansary or the steerage of an emigrant ship. At such a time every loud word spoken reaches the ears of scores of people. From one room come the harsh tones of husband and wife in family dispute; from other windows come the frantic shouts and laughter of men and women trying to drown their misery in the saloon on the corner; while from the roof of a neighboring house come the words of a ribald song flung shamelessly to all within hearing.

It is evident that amid such surroundings every one, man, woman, and child, must live in an atmosphere of defilement night and day. Of course sickness and death have their horrors and their own depraving influences. What little privacy there is for the well is often denied to the sick, who, to get any air at all, must lie in the room used by the whole family for every other purpose. Many of the diseases are infectious, but isolation is impossible, and death, from its frequency and the coarseness that surrounds it, loses, if not all its terrors, at least its dignity, and is merely regarded as one of the disagreeable accidents of every-day life, hardly worthy even of idle curiosity.

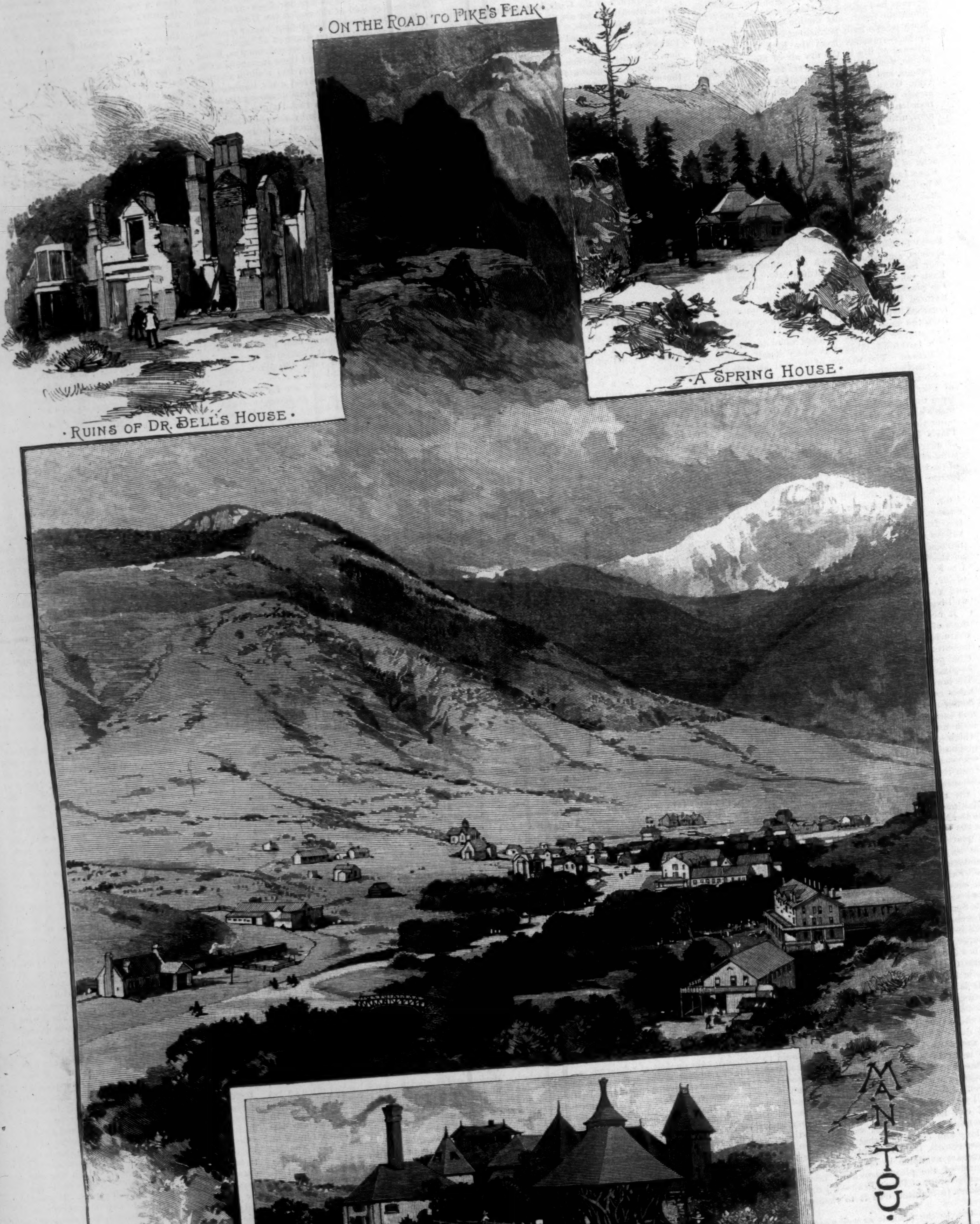
THE PUBLIC PARKS OF CHICAGO.

Nearly twenty years have elapsed since the ambitious project of encircling Chicago with a continuous series of parks and boulevards was conceived, and it was some years later that the work of their construction was placed in charge of boards of Park Commissioners representing respectively the North, South, and West towns, into which the city is for certain municipal purposes divided. Public apathy, financial embarrassments, and a soil that did not take kindly to improvements for park purposes, are among the greatest of the difficulties the Commissioners had in turn to contend with; but although the projected thirty-mile drive around the city is not yet an accomplished fact, the parks and connecting boulevards are sufficiently well advanced in construction to supply the present population with all it needs in the shape of pleasure-grounds and drives.

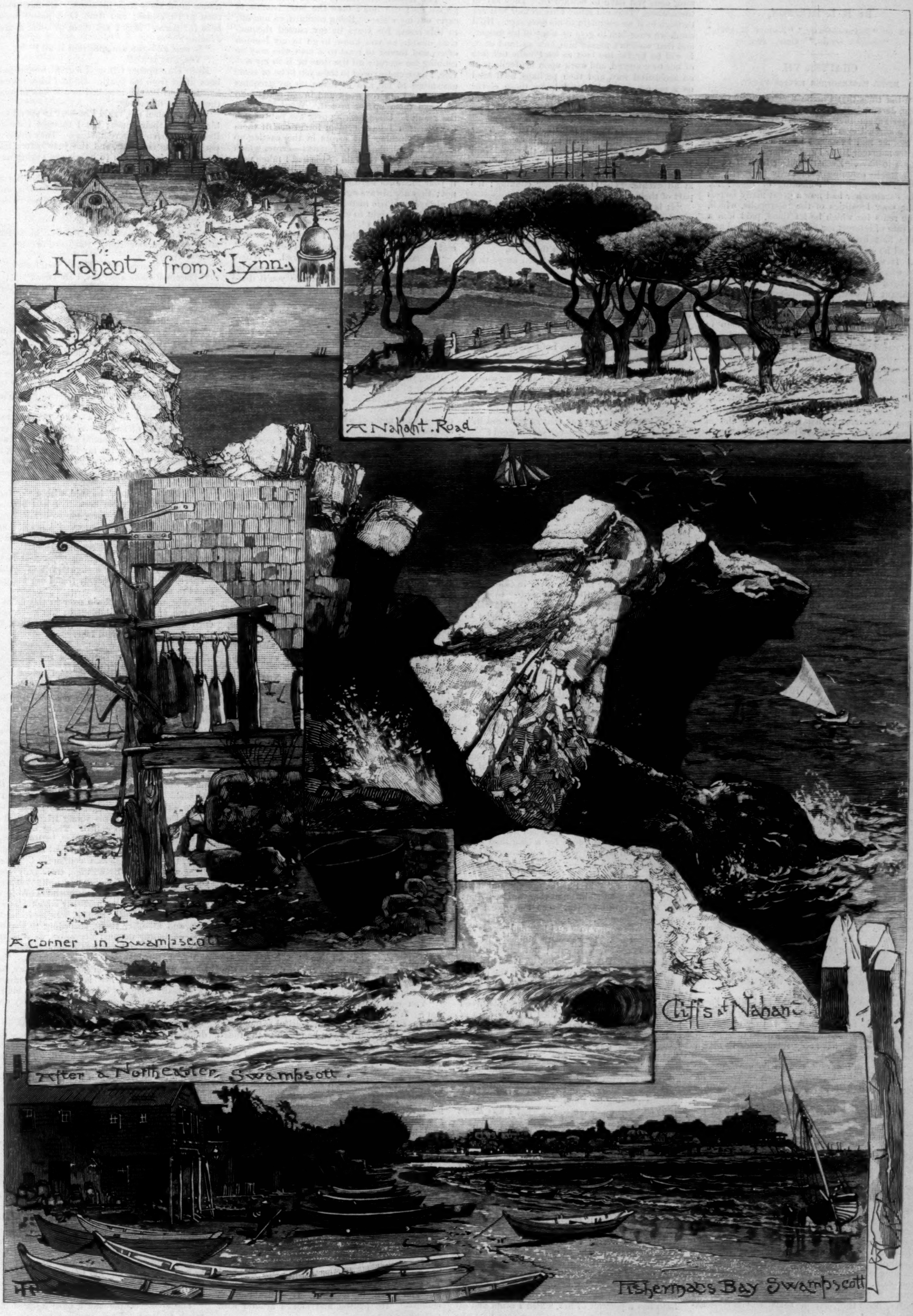
Among the many natural obstacles which had to be overcome in the work of creating the parks not the least was that of replacing the tiresome monotony of the prairie's dead-level with grateful undulations, the planting of pleasant groves upon its treeless surface, and the formation of inland lakes where the only available water supply was far underground, and had to be reached by Artesian wells. These difficulties have been conquered, however, and the art of the landscape gardener has conjured up from the dull table-land a picturesque diversity of slope, wood, and water, while in one of the West Side parks a combination of artificial mound and Artesian water cascade so fully realizes the Chicago idea of natural grandeur that it is known as the "Miniature Niagara."

The parks most favored by nature are those of the North and South "sides" of the city, which front upon Lake Michigan. The oldest of these parks, which is the subject of illustration, is Lincoln Park, which is situated on the North Side, covers an area of 250 acres, and is more nearly completed than any others of the boulevard system. It has a frontage of a mile and a half on Lake Michigan, and its Shore Drive is a delightful resort, much patronized by fashionable citizens, especially by those of German descent. The Shore Drive of Lincoln Park is perhaps the most attractive spot in the entire system. In the background are groves and clumps of well-grown shade trees, pleasant lawns, and richly supplied flower-gardens. In front lie the blue waters of Lake Michigan, on a warm summer day stretching placidly out until they melt into the haze and through it merge into the sky. From the pebbly beach a delightful view is had. To the south runs a low shore, curving gently toward the east, and ending in long piers, between which the Chicago River runs into the lake. Against the haze stands out boldly the tower-crowned "Crib," where are the termini of the two tunnels by which the city draws its supply of lake water. To the north the shores are higher and of bolder aspect. In front the view is enlivened by white-sailed schooners and yachts, puffing tug-boats, and, most characteristic of all, the top-heavy and slow-moving propellers, which are as peculiar to the Great Lakes as is the gondola to the Venetian waters.

Lincoln Park, with its Shore Drive, which will ultimately reach from the northern city limits to the Chicago River, is all that the North Side has contributed to the Park system, which has a combined area of 1879 acres. On the West Side are Humboldt, Garfield, and Douglas parks, connected by boulevards 250 feet in width, and on the South Side are Washington and Jackson parks, the latter being the largest one of the system, and containing 593 acres. The Boulevard system of the South Side is more advanced than those of the other towns, and Drexel Boulevard, which is 200 feet wide and one and a half miles long, is the favorite resort of the inhabitants of the South Side, which is the most fashionable residence quarter in Chicago.


ON THE ROAD TO PIKE'S PEAK
RUINS OF DR. BELL'S HOUSE
A SPRING HOUSE
MANITOU
SODA SPRINGS
C. Graham

MANITOU, COLORADO.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 522.]


Nahant from Lynn
A Nahant Road
A Corner in Swampscott
Cliffs at Nahant
After a Northeaster, Swampscott
Fishermans Bay Swampscott
HF

NAHANT AND SWAMPSCOTT, MASSACHUSETTS BAY.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Page 523.]

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

By B. L. Farjeon,

Author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Joshua Marvel," "Golden Grain," "Grif," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

MISER FAREBROTHER ENVIES FAUST.

By the time that Phœbe was eighteen years of age, Jeremiah Pamflett was firmly established in Miser Farebrother's office in London. In the miser's shrewd eyes he had justified the praise his mother had bestowed upon him. A slyer, smarter manager Miser Farebrother could scarcely hope to have. Even the miser himself could not be more exacting with tardy borrowers or more grinding in the collecting of rents; for Miser Farebrother had now a great many houses in the poor localities of the metropolis, which, at the rents for which he let them, paid him a high rate of interest for his outlay. He had not, in the first instance, purchased these houses, nor had he ever drifted into the folly of building one. It was property he had advanced money upon which had not been repaid, and as he had calculated all the chances beforehand, lending at exorbitant interest, and draining, so to speak, the hearts' blood of his customers, he made rare bargains in this line. Had he followed his own inclination he would have trusted no man to manage his business; but rheumatism and neuralgic pains were firmly settled in his bones, and frequently for days together he was unable to move out of Parksides. Then Jeremiah Pamflett would come down to him with papers and books, and they would remain closeted together for hours going over the accounts. He had his own private sets of books in Parksides, and he turned Phœbe to account in making them up and in writing for him. This was not a regular, but a fitful, employment with the young girl, and her father was satisfied to spare her to go to London to the house of Aunt Leth in Camden Town, to whom she paid long visits. In that house it may be truly said that Phœbe enjoyed the sunshine of life. Aunt Leth, who taught her own children at home—not caring to send them to school, and not being rich enough to afford a private governess or a tutor for them—taught Phœbe also, and the firmest bonds of love were cemented between them. When Mrs. Lethbridge had married, her house was not at all badly furnished; friends and relatives of her husband had made them many useful household presents, and Mr. Lethbridge had received from his father a special sum to be expended on house furniture. Although but little of a worldly man, Mr. Lethbridge had purchased furniture of a substantial description, and the care taken of it by his good wife made it quite respectable-looking, even after long years of wear and tear. Perhaps the most acceptable of all the wedding presents was a famous piano from a generous uncle, which she cherished and preserved. It was, indeed, to her almost as a living member of her family, and she grew to have a strong affection for it. This will be understood by those who love music as Mrs. Lethbridge did. More and more endeared to them did this treasure become with age, and numberless were the pleasant evenings it afforded them, especially in the spring-time of life, when the hearts of the young people were filled with sweet dreams. By its means they learnt to sing and dance, and poor and struggling as the home of the Lethbridges actually was—evidences of which, mind you, were never seen by others than themselves—there were hours spent in it which richer people might have envied.

Miser Farebrother was content. Phœbe was obtaining an education which did not cost him a shilling, and the meals she ate in her aunt's house were a saving to him. Aunt Leth also was quite a skilful dress-maker, and she made all Phœbe's dresses. A cunning milliner too. Phœbe's hats and bonnets, albeit inexpensive, were marvels of prettiness. All this was worth a deal to Miser Farebrother, who grudged every shilling it cost him to live. He gave nothing to the Lethbridges in return nor was he asked to give anything. Since Phœbe was fourteen years of age Aunt Leth had not set foot inside the gates of Parksides.

"Let it be well understood," said Miser Farebrother to his daughter, "I am nothing to them, and they are nothing to me. If they expect me to do anything for them they will be disappointed, and they will have only themselves to blame for it."

"They don't expect you to do anything for them," said Phœbe, with a flush of shame on her face. "They never so much as give it a thought."

"How should they? how should they?" retorted Miser Farebrother. "It would be so unnatural, wouldn't it? so very unnatural, they being poor, as they say they are, and I being rich, as they think I am! They *do* say they're poor, now, don't they?"

"No," said Phœbe, considering; "I never remember their saying so. But they have as much as ever they can do to get along nicely. I know that, without being told."

"So have we all, more than ever we can do. *I* can't get along nicely. Everything goes wrong with me—everything; and everybody tries to cheat me. If I wasn't as sharp as a weasel we shouldn't have a roof over our heads. It's the cunning of your aunt and uncle that they don't complain. They say to themselves, 'That old miser Farebrother'—they *do* call me an 'old miser,' don't they, eh?" he asked, suddenly breaking off.

"I never heard them, father."

"But they think it," said Miser Farebrother, looking at Phœbe slyly; "and that's worse—ever so much worse. With people who speak out you know where you are; it's the quiet, cunning ones you have to beware of. They say to themselves, 'That old miser Farebrother will see through us if we complain to his daughter. He'll think we want him to give us some of his money, and that wouldn't please him, he's so fond of it. It will be by far the best to let Phœbe tell him of her own accord, and work upon his feelings in an accidental way, and then perhaps he'll send us a pound or two.' Oh, I know these clever people—I know them well, and can read them through and through. I should like to back them for cunning against some very sharp persons."

"You do them a great injustice, father. They are the dearest people in all the wide world—"

"Of course they are—of course they are," said Miser Farebrother, with a dry laugh. "They have been successful in making you believe it, at all events. That proves their cunning; it's part of their plan."

"It is not," said Phœbe, warmly; "they have no plan of the kind, and as to saying that they have led me on to speak to you about their troubles, and work upon your feelings, you couldn't imagine anything farther from the truth."

"Their troubles, eh!—they let you know they have troubles?"

"If you mean that they wish to get me to talk about them to you, no, father; they haven't let me know in that way. I can see them myself, without being told; and no one can help loving Aunt Leth for her patience and cleverness. Upon my word, it's perfectly wonderful how she manages upon the salary Uncle Leth gets from the bank. Now, father, you *know* that you yourself have led me on to speak of this." (When Phœbe was excited she emphasized a great many words, so that there should be no possibility of her meaning being mistaken.) "*I* didn't commence it; *you* did."

"No, Phœbe; it was you that commenced it."

"How could I, when I never said a word?"

"I saw what was in your mind, Phœbe. You were going to ask me for something for them; it's no use your denying it. I knew it when you shifted about the room, moving things that didn't require moving, and then moving them back again, and keeping on looking at me every now and then when you thought I wasn't looking at you. Oh, I was watching you when you least expected it. I am not easily deceived, and not often mistaken, Phœbe—eh?"

This was embarrassing, and Phœbe could not help a little laugh escaping her; for it was a fact that she was watching for a favorable opportunity to ask her father a favor in connection with her relatives. He, observing her furtively from under his brows, perceived that his shot had taken effect, and he waited for Phœbe to continue the conversation, enjoying her discomfiture, and secretly resolving that the Lethbridges should not get a penny from him, not a penny. Phœbe was in hopes that he would assist her out of her dilemma, and throw out a hint upon which she could improve; but her father did not utter a word, and she was herself compelled to break the silence.

"Well, father, I *was* going to say something about Aunt and Uncle Leth and my cousins."

"I knew you were."

"I have been there a great deal, and they have been very kind to me. If I ever forget their kindness I shall be the most ungrateful girl in the world. Think of the years I have been going to their house, and stopping there, and always being made welcome—"

"Stop a minute, Phœbe," interrupted her father. "'Think of the years!'—yes, yes—you are getting"—and now he regarded her more attentively than he had done for a long time past, and seemed to be surprised at a discovery which forced itself upon him—"you are getting quite a woman—quite a woman!"

"Yes, father," said Phœbe, quietly and modestly; "I shall be eighteen next Saturday. Aunt Leth was saying only last week how like I was to my dear mamma."

Miser Farebrother rose and hobbled across the room and back. It was with difficulty he did this, his bones were so stiff; but when Phœbe stepped forward to assist him, he motioned her angrily away. He accepted, however, the crutch stick which she handed to him; he could not get along without it, but he snatched it from her pettishly. Her mention of her mother disturbed and irritated him. He recalled the few days of her unhappy life at Parksides, and the picture of her death-bed recurred to his mind with vivid force. There was a reproach in it which he could not banish or avoid. At length he sank into his arm-chair, coughing and groaning, and averting his eyes from Phœbe. She was accustomed to his humors, and she stood at the table patiently, biding his time.

"You have made me forget what I was about to say," he began.

"I am sorry, father."

"You are not sorry; you are glad. You are always thwarting and going against me. What makes you speak to me of your mother in a voice of reproach? Tell me that. You have been egged on to it!" And he thumped his crutch stick viciously on the floor.

"I have not been egged on to it," said Phœbe, with spirit; "and it is entirely a fancy of yours that I spoke in a tone of reproach."

"It is no fancy; I am never wrong—never. Your mother died when you were almost a baby in arms. You have no remembrance of her; it isn't possible that you can remember her."

"I do not remember her, father," said Phœbe, with a touch of sadness in her tone; "but Aunt Leth has a portrait of her, which I often and often look at, and I am glad to know that I am like her. You surely can't be displeased at that?"

"Aunt Leth! Aunt Leth! Aunt Leth!" he exclaimed, fretfully; and then, with unreasonable vehemence, "Why do you try to irritate me?"

"I do not try," said Phœbe, "and I do not thwart and go against you."

"You do—in everything. You don't care to please me; you don't take the least trouble to carry out my wishes. Being confined, on and off, to this house for years by my cursed rheumatism, unable, as you know, to go to my London office, and forced to trust to a man who may be robbing me secretly all the time he is in my service, I have endeavored to train you to be of some assistance to me, and to make up my accounts here when I am too weak and in too much pain to make them up for myself. What has been the result? Upon looking over the papers you have written I have seldom found one of them correct. Nothing but errors in the casting-up and in the calculations of interest—errors which would have been the ruin of me had I taken your work for granted. It wouldn't matter so much if your mistakes were in my favor, but they are not; they are always against me. The sum total is always too little instead of too much. Is this what I have a right to expect from a child I have nourished and fed?"

"I can't help it, father. I have told you over and over again that I have no head for figures."

"No head for figures!" he muttered. "Where should *I* be, I'd like to know, if I had no head for figures? In the workhouse, where you'll drive me to in the end. You will be satisfied then—eh?"

"I *cannot* help it, father," Phœbe repeated. "I never *could* add up so as to be depended upon; I never *could* calculate interest; I never *could* subtract or multiply. If it hadn't been for Aunt Leth, I don't believe I should ever have been able to read or write at all."

"Oh, you throw that in my teeth, because I was too poor to afford a governess for you?"

"Not at all, father. You do what you think is best, I dare say. I only mention it out of justice to Aunt Leth, of whom you have not a good opinion."

"How do you know that? Have I ever troubled myself about her at all? Did I commence this, or you? Am I in the habit of dragging her name into our conversations for the purpose of speaking ill of her?"

"Neither of speaking ill or well, father. That is what I complain of. After what she has done for me you might have acted differently toward her."

"Ah, it's coming now. She *has* egged you on!"

"She has not," said Phœbe, stamping her foot; her loyal nature was deeply wounded by those shafts aimed at one she loved so well. "She hasn't the slightest idea that I had it in my mind to speak to you at all about her, and I *have* had it in my mind for a long time past."

"I remember now what I was going to say a minute ago. We will go upon sure ground, you, I, and your precious aunt and uncle. We will have no delusions. They think I am rich—eh?"

"They have never said a word about your money; they are too high-minded."

"But they *do* think I am rich. Now I will let you into a secret, and you can let them into it if you like. I am not rich: I am a pauper; and when I die you will find yourself a beggar."

"Aunt Leth will give me a home, father, when it comes to that."

"That's your affection!—taking the idea of my death so coolly. But I am not going to die yet, my girl—not yet, not yet. Why, there was a man who grew to be old, much older than I am, and who was suddenly made young and handsome and well-formed, with any amount of money at his command—"

"Oh, hush, father. These are wicked thoughts. You make me tremble."

"Why do you provoke me, then?" he cried, raising his crutch stick as though he would like to strike her. "You see how I am suffering, and you haven't a spark of feeling in you. Haven't I enough to put up with already, without being irritated by my own flesh and blood? There *was* such a man, and there's no harm in speaking of him. What was his name? This infernal rheumatism drives everything out of my head. What was his name?"

"Faust."

"You have read about him?"

"Yes; and I went to the theatre and saw the most lovely opera about it. I can play nearly all the music in it."

"You can play, eh? How did you manage that? Who gave you lessons?"

"Aunt Leth. She has a beautiful piano."

"You never told me you had been to the theatre."

"I have told you often that I have been with Aunt and Uncle Leth to different theatres."

"But to this particular one, where the opera was played?"

"Yes, I told you, father. You must have forgotten it."

"The opera! An expensive amusement which only rich people can afford. Your aunt took you, of course?"

"Yes."

"And she is poor, eh?—so very, very poor that it is quite wonderful how she manages!"

"She had a ticket given to her for a box that almost touched the ceiling. She could not afford to pay for it. Every time she has taken me to a theatre it was with a ticket given to her by Uncle Leth's relations. She *is* poor."

"And I am poorer. If you have read about Faust—if you go to the theatre and see him, why do you call me wicked for simply speaking of him? Is there really any truth in it, I wonder? There are strange things in the world. *Could* life and youth be bought? If it could—if it could—" He paused, and looked around with trembling eagerness.

Phœbe was too much frightened to speak for a little while; her father's eager looks and words terrified her. In a few minutes he recovered himself, and said, coldly,

"Finish about your aunt and uncle."

"Yes, father, I will. It isn't much I want. Next Saturday is my birthday, and Uncle Leth comes home early from his bank. He has never been to Parksides; and Aunt Leth hasn't been here for years. May I ask them to come in the evening?"

"Is that all—you are sure that is all?"

"Yes, that is all."

Miser Farebrother felt as if a great weight had been lifted from his heart. He had been apprehensive that Phœbe intended to ask him to lend them a sum of money.

"They wished me," said Phœbe, "to spend my birthday at their house; but I thought I *should* like them to come here instead. They made a party for me last year, and the year before last too; and it is so mean to be always taking and never giving."

"I don't agree with you. If people like to give, it shows they get a pleasure out of it, and it is folly to prevent them. But if you've set your heart upon it, Phœbe—"

"Yes, I have, father."

"Well, you can ask them; unless," he added, with a sudden suspicion, "you have already arranged everything."

"Nothing is arranged. Thank you, father."

"They will come after tea, I suppose?"

"No," said Phœbe, blushing for shame; "they will come before tea."

"Will they bring it with them?"

"Oh, father!"

"What do you mean by 'Oh, father!'? *I* can't afford to give parties. *I* can't afford to go to the theatres. If people have orders given to them, they have to pay for them somehow."

"I can give them a cup of tea, surely, father?"

"I suppose you must," he grumbled. "We shall have to make up for it afterward. What are you looking at me so strangely for?"

"I should like to buy a cake for tea," said Phœbe, piteously; she was almost ready to cry, but she tried to force a smile as she added, "and I have just twopence for my fortune. Look, father: here is my purse. That won't pay for a cake, will it? Give me something for a birthday present."

"To waste in cakes," he said, with a wry face. "Where should I have been if I had been so reckless? But you'll worry me to death, I suppose, if I refuse." He unlocked a drawer, and took out a little packet, which he untied. There were ten two-shilling pieces in it, and he gave Phœbe one of them, weighing them first in his hand, and selecting the lightest and oldest. "There. Never tell anybody that I am not generous to you."

Phœbe turned the florin over in the palm of her hand, and eyed it dubiously; but she brightened up presently, and kissing her father, left the room with a cheerful face.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DAY-DREAMER IN LONDON STREETS.

Now as to the Lethbridges, concerning whose characters and peculiarities it is necessary to say something more.

There was Mrs. Lethbridge, whom we already know, affectionately called Aunt Leth, not only by Phœbe, but by a great many young people who were on terms of friendship with her. And to be on such terms with such a woman was worth while, for she was not only a magnet that attracted love, she was a sun that bestowed it. There was Mr. Lethbridge, for the same reason called Uncle Leth by his young friends, and delighting in being so called. There was Fanny Lethbridge, their only daughter, between whom and Phœbe passed, under the seal of sacred secrecy, the most delicious confidences. Lastly, there was Robert Lethbridge, their only son, a young gentleman of vague and unlimited views, just entering into the serious business of life, and who, when things were perfectly smooth between him and his cousin Phœbe, was addressed as Bob, and at other times, according to the measure of dignity deemed necessary, as Robert or Cousin Robert. But it was generally Bob.

Mrs. Lethbridge, on her last birthday, forty-four; Mr. Lethbridge, on *his* last birthday, forty-eight; Fanny, on *her* last birthday, nineteen (with many a sigh at being compelled to bid farewell to teens); Robert, on *his* last birthday, twenty-two. These comprised the family.

To hark back for a moment. It was an undoubted love-match with Aunt and Uncle Leth. He a bank clerk, with limited income; she a young lady, with no income at all. That was of small account, however. Cupid—the real one, not the counterfeit—does not pause to consider. They had a boundless income in their love, and they drew large checks upon it. Expectations they had none, except that of being happy. Unlike the majority of expectations, theirs was fulfilled.

Outwardly and inwardly happy. For instance: their honey-moon. Was there ever a honey-moon like it, though it was not spent on the Continent? Never. It was their opinion, and if you dispute it you do so upon insufficient evidence. Then, their children. Parents never drew sweeter delight from their offspring than they from theirs. It is a species of delight which cannot be bought, being far more precious than silver and gold, and in the hourly and daily return for love invested it proclaims itself an incomparable speculation. Robert came first, Fanny next. This was as it should be. The boy to protect the girl, who of the two was infinitely the wiser. This is often the case with boys and girls.

The loving couple had a hard fight of it, and much to learn. They buckled to with willingness and cheerfulness, took their rubs lightly, and spread their pleasures so that they lasted a long time—not making light of them, as some do, and thus depriving themselves of the greater part of the enjoyment to be derived from them. As an example: a visit to the theatre, for which they were now able to obtain "orders." But it was not so during the first years of their married life. The contemplated visit used to be planned weeks beforehand—discussed, laughed over, enjoyed in the anticipation, but not half so much as in the realization. As to which theatre, now, and which play? The grave conversations they had on the point! It was really worth while listening to them. Those nights were gala-nights. After the theatre, a bit of supper, perhaps—occasionally, but rarely—in a restaurant. The careful study of the bill of fare; the selection of the modest dishes; the merry words with which they banished the expensive ones and chose the cheapest—nothing could be more delightful, nothing more truly enjoyable. They went out to meet the sun, and revelled in its beams. Worth laying to heart, this.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1593.

Their income of a hundred and eighty sufficed. They could not save money—but what a mine was the future!

Of the two, the one who drew most largely upon it was Mr. Lethbridge. The extraordinary demands he made upon it, and the extraordinary readiness with which his demands were met! It will be not unpleasant to linger a little over this phase of his character, premising, for lucidity, that in all London could not be found a brighter, more agreeable day-dreamer.

Thus: Walking to the bank to save the 'bus fare, Mr. Lethbridge beguiled the way. He had kissed his wife and Fanny, and saw them smiling at the window, and waving their hands to him as he passed the house. He went on his way rejoicing, and straightway began to dream.

What is this he hears? A meeting of the bank directors is being held. A messenger appears before Mr. Lethbridge's desk.

"The directors wish to see you, sir."

He prepares to obey the call, leaves his papers and books in order, pulls up his shirt collar, pulls down his cuffs, straightens himself generally, and presents himself in the board-room. There they are, the great magnates, all before him. The chairman, white-haired, gold-spectacled, and pleasant-voiced. Others of the directors also white-haired, gold-spectacled, and pleasant-voiced. Comfortable-looking gentlemen of the highest respectability, with country houses, carriages and horses, first-class railway tickets, and famous cellars of wine—all plainly visible in their shirt fronts and gold watch chains. They gaze at him in approval. He bows to them. The chairman bends his head slightly, and smiles a welcome. The other directors follow suit. They bend their heads slightly, and smile a welcome. It is really very pleasant.

"Take a seat, Mr. Lethbridge. We wish to say a few words to you."

He sinks into a chair, and waits for the chairman to unfold himself. The chairman coughs to clear his voice.

"You have served the bank, Mr. Lethbridge, man and boy, for twenty-eight years. We have observed you for many years, Mr. Lethbridge, and are happy to express our approval of the manner in which you have performed your duties."

What could be better than that? How delighted they will be at home when he tells them!

"Always punctual at your post, Mr. Lethbridge. Never an error in your accounts. We have had no occasion to complain of the slightest irregularity."

Positive facts, and, although not mentioned till now, carefully noted by those in authority over him. Of that there could be no doubt; but how pleasant and agreeable it was to hear it! He had always been confident that his time would come.

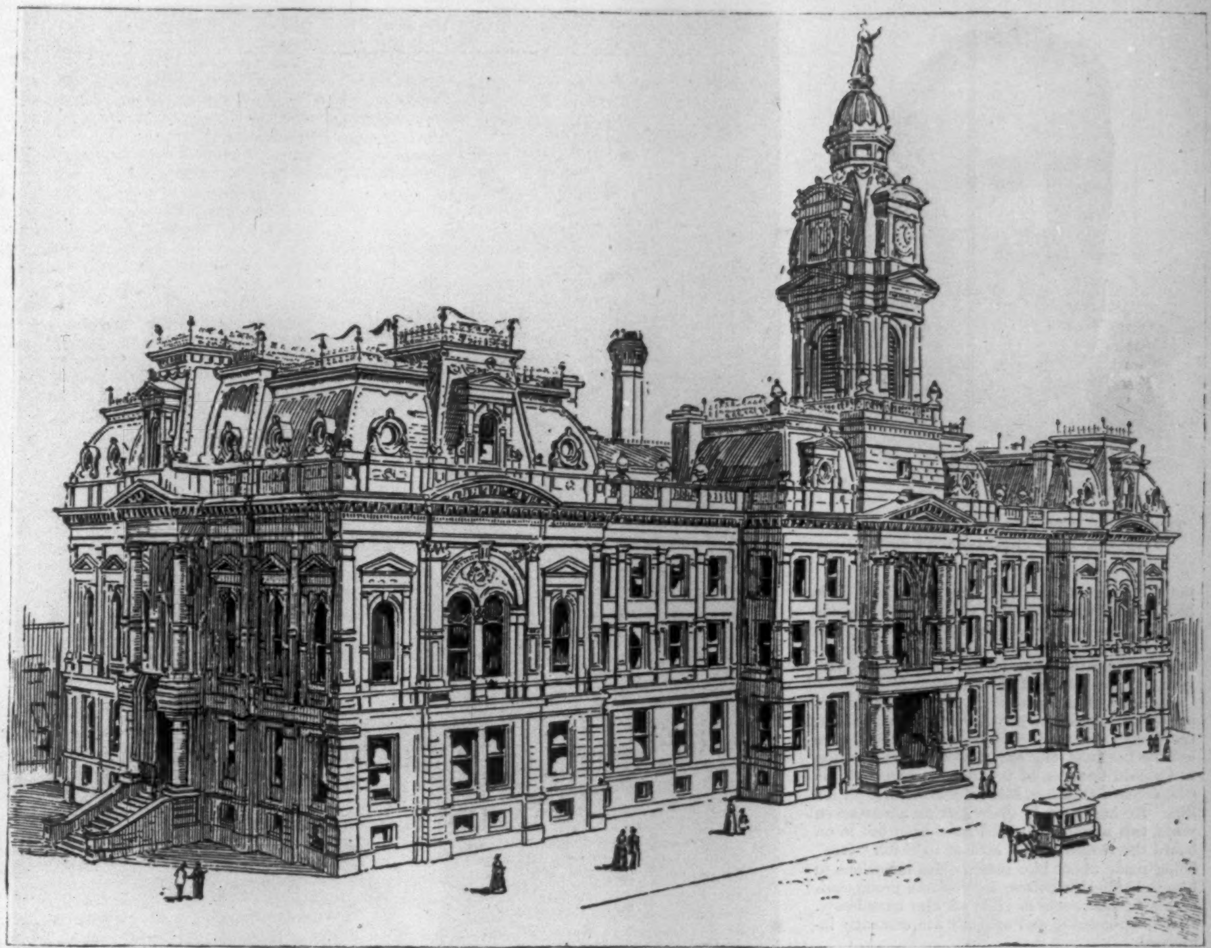
"As a substantial mark of our approval, Mr. Lethbridge, we offer you the desk of our second chief cashier, who is about to retire on a pension. You will take his place at the end of the present month, and your salary will be six hundred pounds per annum."

The chairman rises and shakes hands with him; the other directors rise and shake hands with him. He retires from the board-room, filled with joy. Everybody in the bank congratulates him; he has not an enemy in the establishment.

Being now in the enjoyment of a salary more than three times as large as that upon which he and his wife have had to manage since their marriage, he proceeds to the disposal of it. A little extravagance is allowable; he must work down his feelings somehow. A new dress suit for himself, a new black silk for his wife. His dress suit had lasted him for Heaven knows how long, and his wife's black silk has been made over and turned till it really could not be made over and turned again. Bob shall have the gold watch he has been promised since childhood, and which father's ship—which certainly has made the longest passage on record—has been bringing home for the last dozen years. Fanny shall be suitably provided for. For wife and daughter, each one dozen pairs of kid gloves, four button, eight button, a hundred button if they like; new bonnets, mantles, and boots; and also for each a ten-pound note, in a new purse, to do just as they please with. Phœbe, also, must not be forgotten. She shall have new gloves, and bonnet, and mantle, and boots, and money in a new purse. He goes out with them to make the purchases, and they have the most delightfully grave consultations and discussions. And just as the shopkeeper in Regent Street is pressing upon him a most extraordinary bargain in the shape of a new silk—

Yes, just at that moment Mr. Lethbridge arrives at the bank, punctual, as usual, to the minute. He is in the best of spirits. His walk from Camden Town has been as good as a play. Better; for he is convinced that his dreams will come true one of these fine days. What does it matter a week or two sooner or later?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE NEW COUNTY COURT-HOUSE AT COLUMBUS, OHIO.—From a Photograph by Baker, Columbus.

AN OHIO COURT-HOUSE.

The new Franklin County (Ohio) Court-house at Columbus, as the illustration shows, is an imposing and costly structure. It is built of gray stone, some of which is carved, and the columns that flank the doorway and the portico above are of red granite. On the first floor are various county offices—the Treasurer's, Auditor's, Surveyor's, Commissioners', Recorder's, and the Probate Court room—which are lofty, well-lighted, and spacious apartments, handsomely finished in black walnut, with tile floors. The main corridor is roomy and high, the light descending into it from a vaulted roof through stained glass. The stairs that lead upward are broad and easy, and are built of iron, with wood-work in cherry. On the second floor are all the court rooms except that of the Probate Judge. Stairways lead from them directly to jury rooms overhead, while rooms for witnesses and private apartments for the court officers are near at hand. In the rooms of the upper stories will be packed away old documents, etc., but much of the space there has not as yet been assigned to any purpose. The building was erected after plans which were believed to be extensive enough to provide for the wants of the county for twenty-five years to come, so that much of this vacant space is likely to wait for its opportunity to be useful. A pleasing thing to record in connection with the structure is that it has been completed for a considerably smaller sum than the proposed expenditure.

The cost originally decided on was a sum not in excess of $500,000; the actual cost has been $450,017 27. The building was formally opened on July 13, the ceremonies taking place in the central corridor.

BEN HOLLIDAY.

The name of Ben Holliday, whose death was recently announced, will always be associated with the early development of the western portion of this continent. He was born in 1819 in Bourbon County, Kentucky, and while still a mere youth married his cousin, Miss Calvert, a woman of noble character, fine intellect, and great beauty. At an early day the couple moved to western Missouri, and for several years passed through the harsh vicissitudes of a pioneer life. They lived in a log hut; it was in a log hut that their only son was born, and the two beautiful daughters whose careers were so romantic and unfortunate. Ben was always on the lookout for something to better his condition. Kansas at that time was a stage for the enacting of stirring dramas that had fixed the attention of all portions of the country; and with this State, upon whose borders he was living, he proceeded more and more to identify his interests. In Leavenworth he was a well-known figure, popular with all classes. Although singularly exempt from their more obnoxious traits, he was perfectly capable of holding his own with the roughest of the *roughs*. Walker's filibusters were eager to hobnob with him, in the hope of gaining a bold and doughty comrade. He was an immense favorite with the officers stationed at Fort Leavenworth, with many of whom he formed at that time a life-long friendship, notedly General Rufus Ingalls, then second lieutenant of the First Dragoons, at present the First Cavalry.

The breaking out of the Mexican war (1846) gave young Holliday his first opportunity of permanently bettering his estate, and he was not slow to avail himself of it. At that time he contracted for the purchase of horses, mules, and wagons for the military department, cattle for the subsistence and Indian departments, and thus laid the foundation of the large fortune which from 1850 to 1870 enabled him to carry on the splendid enterprises which have made his reputation. Following up his first success, we find him in 1849 and 1852 engaged in establishing important mercantile houses in Salt Lake City and San Francisco. Some years later he purchased the B. Y. (Brigham Young) Express, which had been ruined by the Mormon war of '57 and '58. The United States authorities refused the mail transportation to the Mormon company, but were well satisfied to give their patronage to Ben Holliday and his partners. Holliday's Mail and Overland Express was for the next ten years the all-important connecting link between the frontier States of the West and the Pacific coast. The Pony Express, an offshoot of the former, should not pass without mention, for this was not only an important, but a daring and romantic enterprise. The stations had to be established over a wild, uninhabited stretch of country two thousand miles across; relays of horses were kept at each station, and the riders, thin, wiry, hardy fellows, at every third station. They carried merely important business letters and newspapers printed in the Eastern cities and San Francisco on tissue-paper for this service. They made the trip from San Francisco to St. Joseph, Missouri, in exactly ten days. In short, the Pony Express was the telegraph of the wilderness; and the adventures of the daring riders were equal to those of Browning's famous Joris carrying the good news from Ghent. The news of Abraham Lincoln's election went through from St. Joseph to Denver, 665 miles, in two days and twenty-one hours, the last ten miles being accomplished in thirty-one minutes. One instance is remembered where one of the riders rode nearly 300 miles, those who should have relieved him being, for some reason or other, disabled or indisposed, and reached his goal on schedule time. In addition to these land schemes of transportation, Holliday established also a fleet of twenty-three steamers from Alaska to Mexico; and "Ben Holliday's overland stages," "Ben Holliday's Pony Express," and "Ben Holliday's line of steamers" were familiar terms in every city and town in the country, from Maine to Georgia, and from Kansas to California. The bold but needy adventurer had become a millionaire magnate, and was recognized as the greatest organizer of transportation facilities that the West ever produced.

He was one of the principal owners of the famous Ophir Mine in Nevada, which proved a veritable mine of wealth to the fortunate shareholders. With the proceeds of this treasure-trove he purchased his noted Ophir Farm in Westchester County, and began the erection of a stately castle, on which he expended $1,000,000 or thereabonts. There he intended to establish the ancestral home of his descendants, and in this favorite abode it was his delight to dispense the magnificent hospitality which is well remembered by his troops of friends in New York and other cities. The Ophir Farm became the centre of reunion for all the members of the scattered family, the ladies varying their home life with visits abroad, while Holliday himself went to and fro between this favorite estate and the great Western towns to which he was called by his business enterprises and speculations.

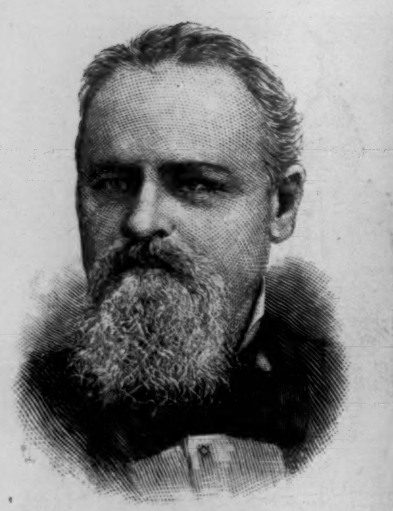
In 1869, or thereabouts, he sold out his Mail and Overland Express to Wells, Fargo, & Co., and in due time it was succeeded by the splendid system of railways and telegraphic communications which now follow almost precisely the same routes which were first travelled by Ben Holliday's swift stages and daring Pony Express. He removed to Portland, Oregon, and with the capital obtained from the sale of the Mail and Overland Express built the Oregon and California Railroad, and established a line of steamers from Portland to San Francisco. These two extensive enterprises stimulated the industrial activity of the Northwest to an astonishing degree, and may be regarded as the last of Ben Holliday's grand commercial operations. They constitute the climax of his career. After this his life was shadowed by domestic afflictions, disturbed by financial losses, and harassed by vexatious lawsuits.

Despite these trials and disappointments it is only when we compare Ben Holliday's old age with the splendid achievements of his prime that it can be called unfortunate. He remained to the last a man of wealth, if not the possessor of a princely fortune; he married again in Portland, and was cheered and tended to the last by the ministrations of a tender woman and two loved children. On his decease he left his family a handsome property and a large estate unsettled in the courts, and to the country at large the memory of daring adventures and splendid achievements, which will associate his name always with the history of the South and West in a momentous period of their development.

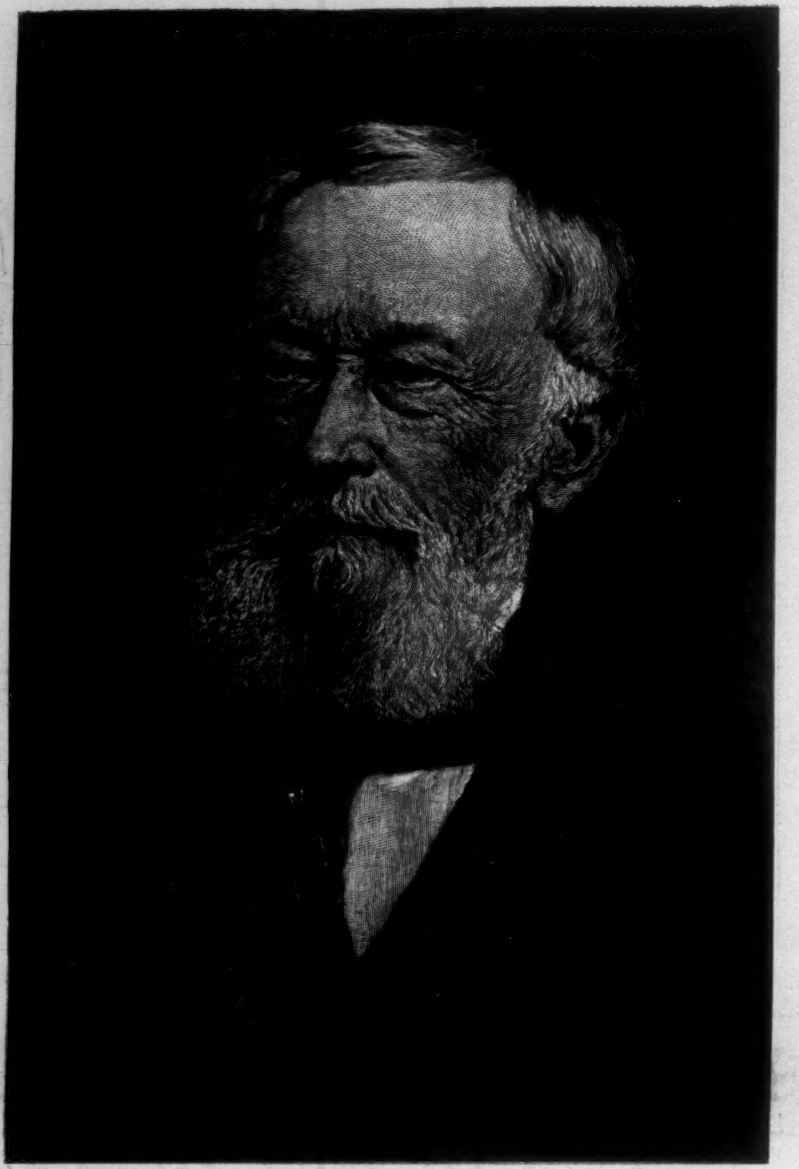
V. Vaughan.

A COLORED HERO.

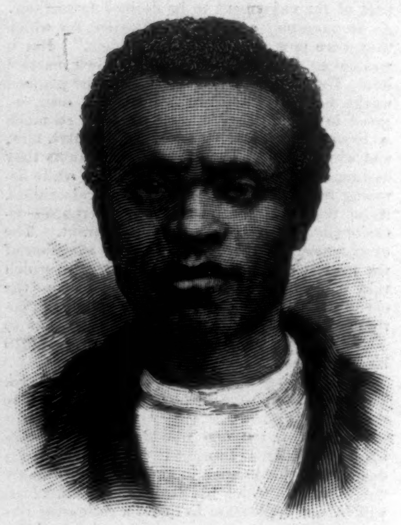
Arthur Robertson, to whose heroic efforts was due the saving of seven lives from the drowning mass of humanity thrown into Canarsie Bay by the capsizing of the sloop *Mystery* on Sunday, the 10th of July, was born in Quire Creek, Virginia, ran away to sea, and followed the water since he was about ten years of age. He is a man of thirty-five years, looking much younger, of deeper than mulatto tint, and of the wiry, well-knit texture of build and unconsciousness of attitude which bespeak the healthy man at ease in all his movements. Being asked as a test question, in the course of a long interview, how he felt when he got "among them," and especially when the gunwale dipped, under one clinging person's pressure from without, so far that much water was taken into his boat, and everything was in jeopardy, he said: "I am one of them fellers that it takes a heap to make up my mind, but when I do, I mean to do or die, and I never lose my senses. I see my wife at home; I see *them* struggling and screaming in the water; I see myself, and knows as all depends on me, and I put my feet firm on the keel when I got among 'em, stooped down summat, reach over



THE LATE BEN HOLLIDAY, PIONEER OF THE PONY EXPRESS.—[SEE PAGE 527.]



THE LATE ALFRED KRUPP, OF ESSEN, RHENISH PRUSSIA.—[SEE PAGE 530.]



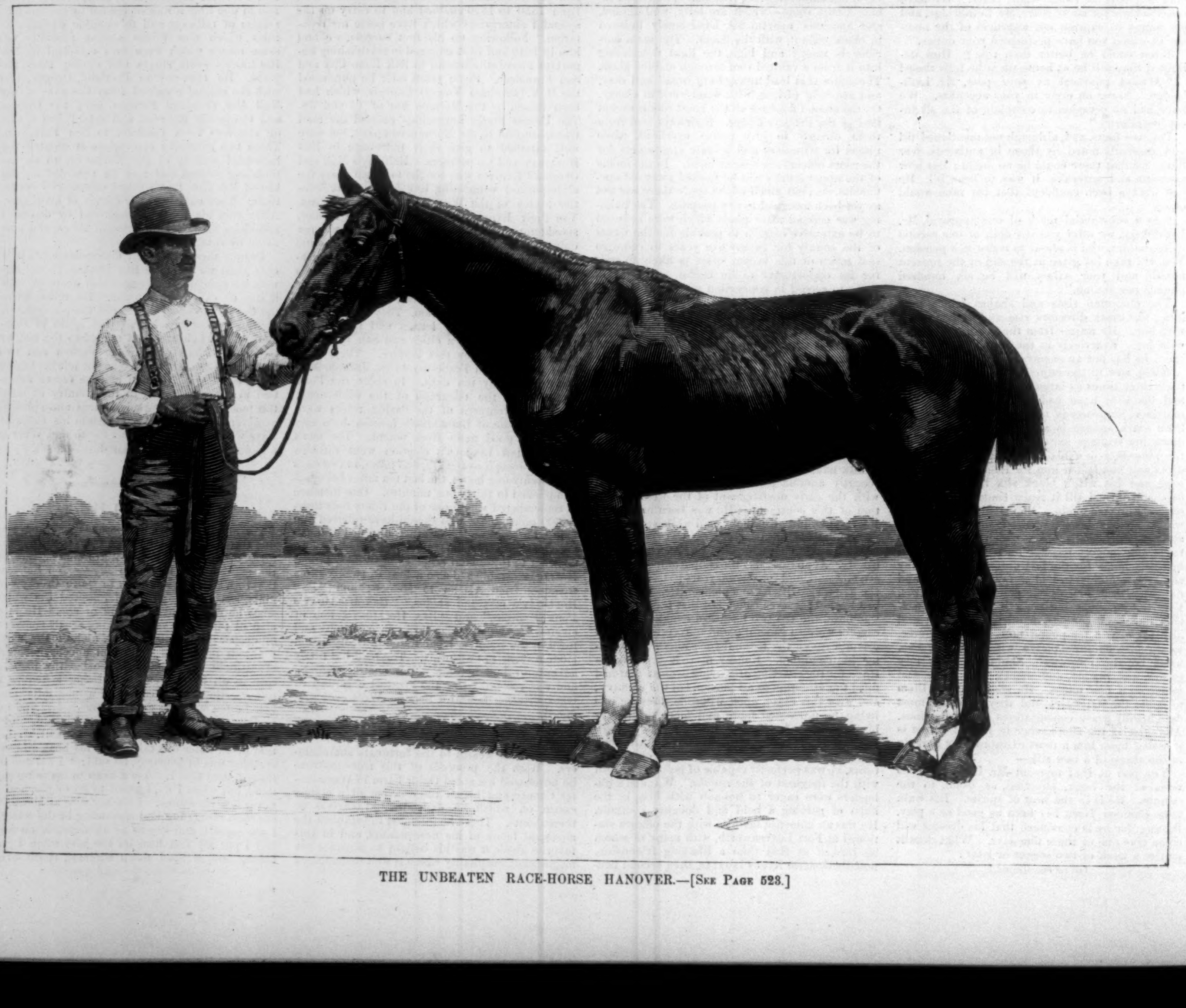
ARTHUR ROBERTSON, THE HERO OF THE CANARSIE BAY RESCUE.—[SEE PAGE 527.]

the gunwale careful, and has them in." The heavy woman who nearly swamped him and his freight he nevertheless succeeded in saving, and he avers he had to use more bad language on that occasion than he ever did in his life—"language as I'm ashamed of ever since."

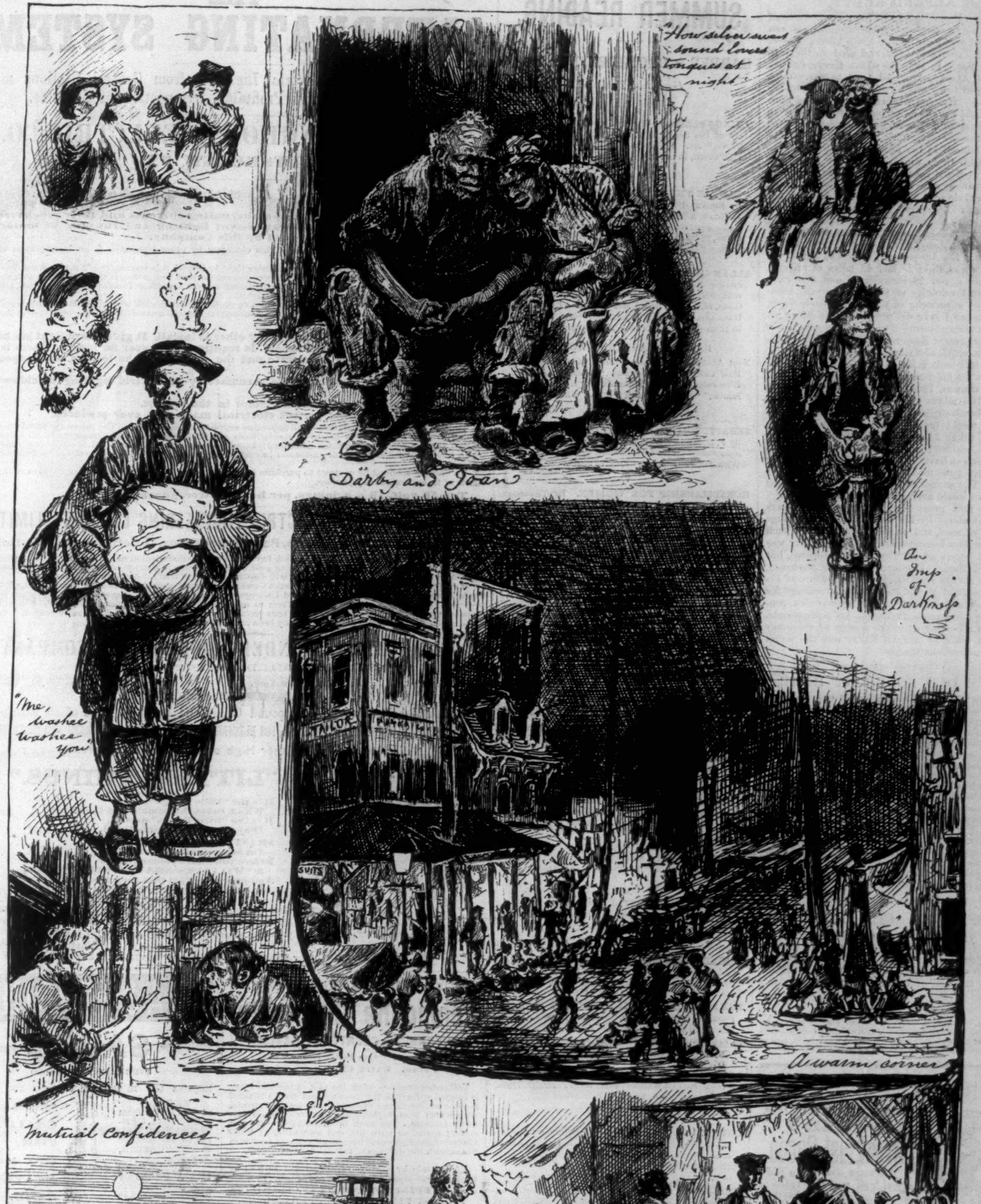
Did he like the sea life? He had rather inclined to it before he got married, but since then the feeling was very different, and he would have left the business long ago except for his devotion to Captain COLLINS, of the *Reaper*, who, with his (the captain's) father, had befriended him all his life. He has been in their service about seven years, two months of which have been put in on board the *Reaper*. The idea of so much "fuss" being made about him seems quite ridiculous to him; chaffing, promises, the wiseacre predictions of his friends, seem to slide off him harmlessly. His common-sense and modesty are evidently ingrained.

This man saved seven lives. How did he do it? He had been taking a nap in the cabin, got up to get fresh air, met a colored friend, and entered into conversation with him on the deck and around the dock as he lay at Barren Island. Suddenly, while remarking to one another that *that* sloop seemed to be carrying too much sail, he saw her topple over. The distance from him was about fifteen minutes' row. The sea was rolling with white-caps over a swelling tide, and to use his own words, "I had grabbed my line when I saw her going, and was off." There came first a little boy; then a little baby; then Mr. SWKITZER, who had jumped and swum from the *Christina* to save his wife and child struggling in the water; he made for them, took them up in the same iron-bound way, nearly getting his gunwale pulled under, as before recorded. Then, seeing nothing moving that was floating, pulled off for the *Deane*, "landed" them, as he says, and seeing something moving about sixty feet in the wake of the *Deane*, now near the wreck, pulled furiously for that; and now he puts his hand to his forehead in the relation, and asks: "What color of dress had she on?—was it red or dark red, JOHN?" "Dark red, ARTHUR," said a witness. "I got her on—got her on the *Deane*"—here the poor fellow actually broke down—"and then I saw what broke my heart far more than all the rest. When the woman had been put on board she was alive," he groaned; "and if a doctor had been there he could have saved her; but there were no barrels on the poor little willing tug-boat, and she had to be rolled on the rails, and that killed her."

ARTHUR ROBERTSON makes two voyages a week to Canarsie in the service of the steam-boat company of that name. The relations between him and his employers have plainly been so cordial all along that there is no possibility of maladjustment; and the best that can be hoped for is that in some way or other the sense of the public's appreciation of his splendid daring and coolness, joined to his honest unconsciousness of any heroism whatever, may be fittingly brought home to him.



THE UNBEATEN RACE-HORSE HANOVER.—[SEE PAGE 523.]


"How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues at night"
Darby and Joan
An Imp of Darkness
"Me, washee washee you"
TAYLOR
SUITS
A warm corner
Mutual Confidences
90 degrees on the house tops
On the Sidewalk

LIFE AMONG THE TENEMENTS.—Drawn by F. Barnard.—[See Page 523.]

ALFRED KRUPP.

Alfred Krupp, known as the manufacturer of cannon, and as the head of one of the largest iron and steel works in the world, was born at Essen, Rhenish Prussia, in 1812, and died on the 14th of July last. In 1826 the widow **Krupp**, the mother of **Alfred**, struggled hard to carry on a small iron forge which had been left her by her husband. Her son **Alfred**, then a boy of fourteen, could have been of but slight assistance to her. **Frederick Krupp**, her husband, had been by no means successful. In 1848 **Alfred Krupp** found himself at the head of a small establishment with three workmen. To-day the **Krupp** works at Essen cover an area of 500 acres, and some years ago the hands employed were 19,605, who in their turn supported by their labor not less than 65,381 persons. Of these over 11,000 found employment within the shops; the rest were engaged in branch works. Of the iron mines in Germany, **Krupp** was interested in 547 of them. Besides steamers owned by him at the Essen works, there is laid 42 miles of railway, and over it run 28 locomotives and 883 cars. The great celebrity of the **Krupp** works arose from the superiority of the cannon made there, but **Alfred Krupp** did not devote his entire attention to instruments of war. When, some years ago, the present Emperor of Germany visited Essen, the output of a single day's work was shown. There had been made in the twenty-four hours, besides the finishing and forging and casting of many cannon, 1800 rails, 160 wheel tires, 120 axles, 160 railway wheels, 430 railway wedges, and 1000 bomb-shells. When required, the **Krupp** works would turn out in the month 250 field-pieces, thirty 5.7-inch cannon, fifteen 9.33-inch cannon, eight 11-inch cannon, one 14-inch gun, this last gun having a weight of 57 tons. Among the large guns made by **Krupp** were those of 71 tons. The annual consumption of iron and steel at Essen would average 300,000 tons.

The first great start made by **Krupp** was brought about by his method of casting huge blocks of steel, and on his ability to keep such great masses homogeneous. **Alfred Krupp** was offered letters of nobility by the Emperor, but declined them. Employing so many workmen, he was always solicitous as to the welfare of his employés, and erected commodious dwellings for their use, and endowed in a liberal way sick, pension, and insurance funds for his work-people. Absolute honesty as to the quality of the many objects made by **Alfred Krupp** was the secret of his marvellous success.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME,

Or elsewhere, need a tonic now and then to sustain them under growing infirmities. No safer or more thorough invigorant for age and the delicate can be found than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a seasonable medicine in those ailments of commonest occurrence—liver complaint, indigestion, and bowel disorders; a pure botanic safeguard against malaria, and a reliable means of counteracting rheumatism. To the convalescent it is a valuable aid in the recovery of strength, and to the debilitated, nervous invalid it yields tranquil slumber and renewed appetite—two prime factors in the restoration of vigor. Being of purely botanic origin, it is free from those objections urged against mineral remedies difficult or impossible of assimilation by the system, and which impair the tone of the stomach, which the Bitters, on the contrary, strengthens and regulates. It is endorsed and prescribed by the medical fraternity.—[*Adv.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

In Fevers and Wasting Diseases.

Dr. J J. Ryan, St. Louis, Mo., says: "I invariably prescribe Horsford's Acid Phosphate in fevers, also in convalescence from wasting and debilitating diseases, with admirable results."—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

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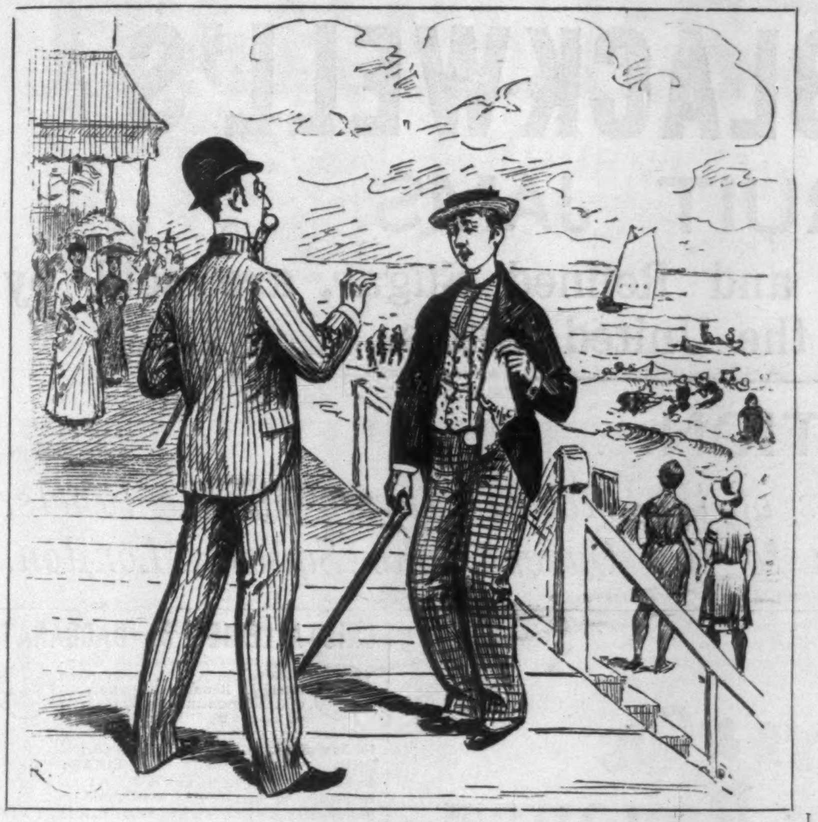

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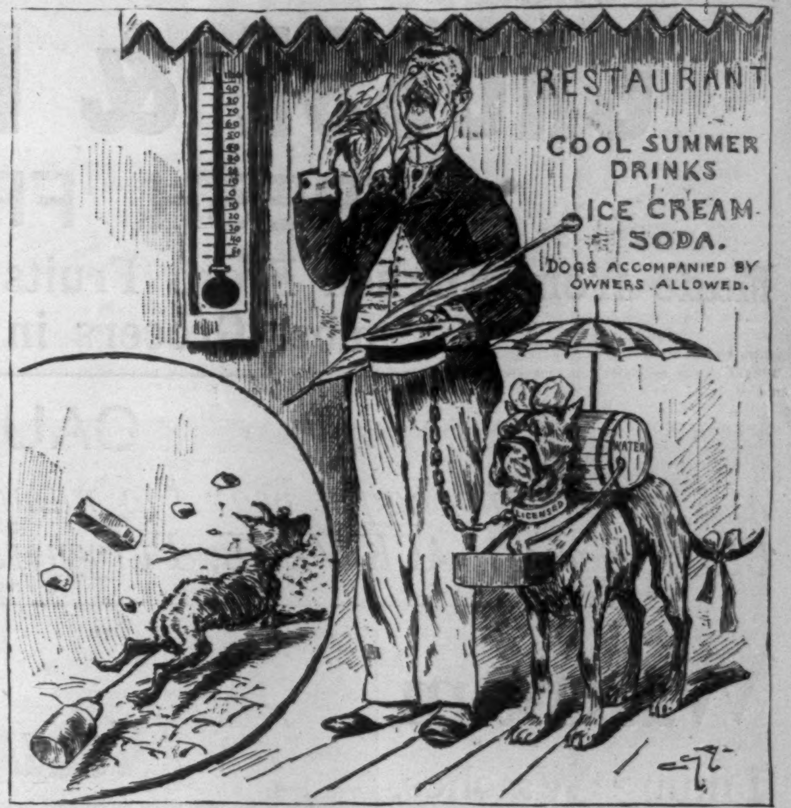

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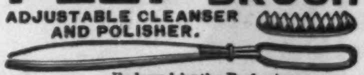

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